# My Brother

Fatima Jinnah

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**Fatima Jinnah**

Edited by
SHARIF AL MUJAHID

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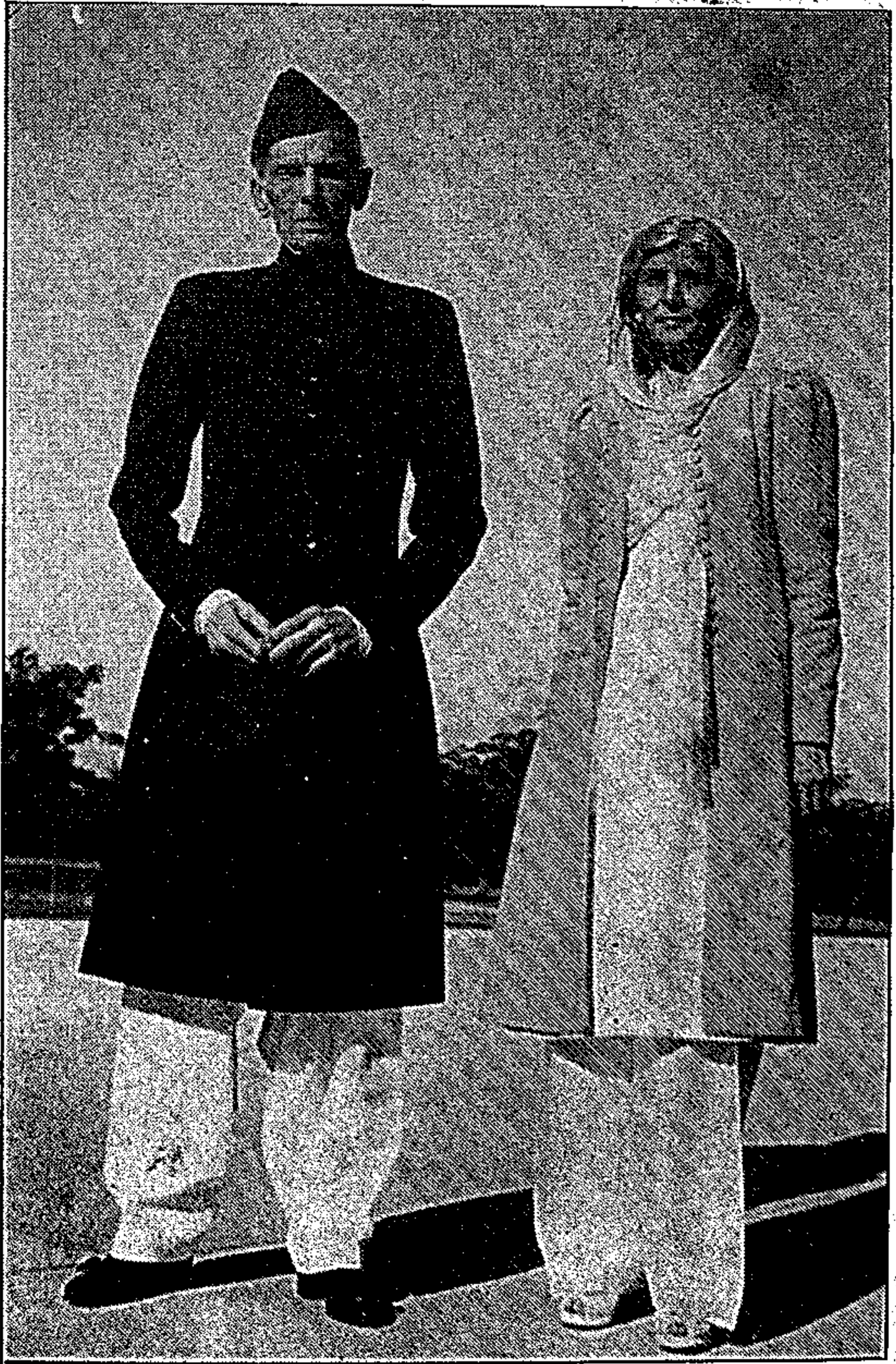
**Quaid-i-Azam Academy**

KARACHI

Miss Fatima Jinnah is a constant source of help and encouragement to me. In the days when I was expecting to be taken as a prisoner by the British Government, it was my sister who encouraged me, and said hopeful things when revolution was staring me in the face. Her constant care is about my health. – Quaid-i-Azam, 9 August 1947

# Contents

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My Brother
Biographical studies-8

CONTENTS: A Nation is orphaned — From Kathiawar to Karachi- A businessman becomes a barrister.

Based on the ms. written by Quaid-i-Azam's sister, Miss Fatima Jinnah with the assistance of G. Allana during 1963-64, in the possession of the National Archives of Pakistan. Edited by Sharif al Mujahid, the present volume barring "an extremely controversial passage . . . truthfully reproduces the contents of the ms." Appendix includes facsimiles of 15 documents which have a direct bearing on Quaid's early life. Photographs

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## Preface

OF the seven brothers and sisters of Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah, Miss Fatima Jinnah (1893–1967), his third sister, resembled him the most. In his personal life as well, no one was so close to him. Their father, Jinnah Poonja, having died in 1901(?), Jinnah became her guardian. He also took a keen interest in her education. It was his steadfast support that saw her join the Bandra Convent in 1902, and later enrolled in Dr. Ahmad Dental College at Calcutta in 1919, despite the strident family opposition to the very idea of a Khoja girl joining the Convent as a boarder, or launching upon a professional course. And when she finally qualified, Jinnah went along with her idea of opening a dental clinic in Bombay, and helped set it up in 1923.

Miss Jinnah had first lived with her brother for about eight years — till 1918, when he got married to Ruttenbai. Upon Ruttenbai's death in February 1929, Miss Jinnah wound up her clinic, moved into Jinnah's bungalow, and took charge of his house. Thus began the life-long companionship which lasted till Jinnah's death on 11 September 1948.

In all Miss Jinnah lived with her brother for about twenty eight years, including the last nineteen years in his life which, by all accounts, were the more critical, the more trying, years in all his life. During these years,

man and his mission. Her first choice was Professor Itrat Husain Zuberi, formerly Principal, Islamia College, Calcutta, and later Vice-Chancellor, Rajshahi University. When for some reason Professor Zuberi had to leave Pakistan for the United States in 1958/59, her choice fell on Justice M.R. Kayani. But he died rather suddenly, on 15 November 1962. Then she chose Mr. G. Allana for the assignment. For some eighteen months, Mr. Allana assisted Miss Jinnah on the biography, but late in 1964, about the time when she was persuaded to contest the presidential election against Field-Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan as the Opposition's nominee, they parted company, due to reasons which have remained undisclosed. Interestingly, the termination of their collaborative venture dampened neither Miss Jinnah nor Mr. Allana. While the former continued with her quest for a suitable author or co-author for the biography till her death on 8 July 1967, the latter remained steadfast to the cause of doing a biography, producing one after Miss Jinnah's death under the title, *Quaid-i-Azam Jinnah: The Story of a Nation*. To date it remains the best biography of Jinnah by a Pakistani.

The present Ms., recovered along with the Quaid-i-Azam Papers from Mohatta Palace after Miss Jinnah's death, and preserved in the National Archives of Pakistan at Islamabad, was presumably written during 1963-64. This is indicated on its title page which says that it was done by "Fatima Jinnah with the assistance of G. Allana".

Clearly, Miss Jinnah was the source of information contained in the Ms. with Mr. Allana's contribution being for the most part limited to improving the original write-up, and making it readable. This assumption is based on two material facts which are within the knowledge of the present editor. First, Mr. Allana, while discussing with him the biography project in some detail, late in 1963, informed him, *inter alia*, that he was doing, in collaboration with Miss Jinnah, a biography of the Quaid, and that the first two chapters

the Quaid emerged, slowly but dramatically, from almost political isolation (especially during his self exile in England during 1931-34) to an almost universal acceptance of his leadership of the newly proclaimed Muslim nation of a hundred milllion, when he snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat, when he struggled long and hard to wrest for Muslims nationhood and statehood by finding a more rational and a more equitable framework for power-distribution between India's two major nations, culminating in a startingly new ordering of the subcontinental cosmos.

Miss Jinnah, who not only lived with her brother but also accompanied him on his numerous tours, had developed and displayed a keen sense of the heroic struggle he was waging. There is also evidence to show that he discussed various problems with her, mostly at the breakfast and dinner table; he also confided in her. On Miss Jinnah's part, she was, to quote the Quaid, "a constant source of help and encouragement" to him, saying "hopeful things when revolution was staring" him in the face.

The thought of doing or sponsoring a biography of her illustrious brother, it seems, came to Miss Jinnah about the time when Hector Bolitho's *Jinnah* was first published in 1954. Although a good biography, anchored as it was, for the most part, on the personal recollections of Jinnah's professional colleagues, political companions and observers, as well as contemporaries who had something or the other to do with him during his long professional and public career, it was yet generally felt that Bolitho's *Jinnah* had somehow failed to bring out the real Jinnah in terms of his political life and achievements.

Shortly afterwards, Miss Jinnah began looking for a suitable Pakistani author to do a biography of the Quaid, since she believed that only a Pakistani, especially one supremely endowed with a sensitized view of the evolution of Muslim politics during the epochal decade of 1937-47, would be able to reconstruct the complex scenario of that decade, and do justice to the

tive have been compared with his speeches published in various compilations and the correct version (along with documentation) has been given in place of those in the original Ms. Excerpts from Ilahi Baksh's account of Jinnah's last illness have been included (in footnotes), wherever necessary, in justaposition to Miss Jinnah's account.

Appended to the present memoir are fifteen documents which have a direct bearing on Jinnah's early life. These are: (i, ii & iii) relevant pages from the registers of Sind Madressah-tul-Islam, and Christian Mission School; (iv) Jinnah's library card from the British Museum, dated 10 February [1896?]; (v) his petition dated 25 April 1893 to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn to excuse him of the Latin portion of the Preliminary Examination; (vi) the Inn's notification of the same date acceding to his petition; (vii) the certificate (dated 25 May 1893) of his having passed the Preliminary Examination; (viii) the Inn's notification (dated 14 April 1896) granting his petition "to have his name altered on the books of the Society to Mohamed Alli Jinnah"; (ix) the Inn's notification (dated 11 May 1896) ordering that "a Certificate. . . be granted him of his Admission Call to the Bar"; (x) the certificate awarded to him by the Lincoln's Inn which indicates that he was admitted to the Inn on 5 June 1893 and called to the Bar on 29 April 1896; (xi & xii) two certificates from his tutors, Sir Howard W. Elphinstone and W. Douglas Edwards, dated 5 and 6 March 1896 respectively; (xiii) his petition dated 18 August 1896 to the Registrar, Bombay High Court, seeking admission as an advocate; (xiv) a character certificate from P.V. Smith, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester; and (xv) an extract from the Bombay Civil List which indicates his admission as an advocate. Regrettably though, our efforts to get the missing portions of two documents (xii and xiv) have proved fruitless. These documents, except for the first five, are published here for the first time. It is hoped that they would help researchists, as would Miss Jinnah's

on his family background and early years, which had been dictated by Miss Jinnah, would be in quotes, denoting her authorship of them. Second, there are several long passages (without quotes, of course) in Mr. Allana's biography of Jinnah, which are almost identical with those in the Ms.

The Ms. comprises three chapters. The first one concentrates chiefly on the last year of the Quaid's life, especially his devotion to Pakistan despite his failing health; the second one delineates his family background and early life; and the third one his days in London and the early years in Bombay when he was struggling to set up his practice. Though somewhat fragmentary, the second and the third chapters contain a good deal of hitherto unpublished material while the second half of the first chapter confirms Ilahi Baksh's account of Jinnah's last illness as delineated in his *With the Quaid-i-Azam during His last Days* (1949).

The Ms. represents an important source of information for the early years of Jinnah, and has figured in the literature on him since the time it was made accessible to researchists. In particular it has been extensively quoted and cited by Stanley Wolpert in his much acclaimed *Jinnah of Pakistan* (1984). An edited and somewhat abridged version of the Ms. was included in *Pakistan: Past and Present* (1977) under the title, "A Sister's Recollections"; but it has received scant notice in scholarly works.

The present volume has been edited according to the accepted norms, and except for an extremely controversial passage, it truthfully reproduces the contents of the Ms. However, what has been told about the Quaid in these pages was presumably reconstructed by Miss Jinnah on the basis of her memory without the aid of any diaries or any other written accounts; hence it should not be too surprising if sometimes dates, events and places get mixed up in the narrative. The factual position in respect of such inadvertant "errors" has been explained in footnotes, wherever necessary. Excerpts from Quaid's speeches included in the narra-

CHAPTER ONE

# A Nation is Orphaned

AS I see the mausoleum in Karachi go upward, inch by inch, to shelter the mortal remains of my brother, poignant memories come rushing into mind of that day, a Saturday, the 11th of September 1948, when I lost my elder brother, and my nation became an orphan. Before embarking on this venture to project his life as I saw it, having been his constant companion for more than forty years,[1] I thought it fit to go to his grave this morning, to offer my prayers, to lay some flowers, and to shed a tear. For, after all, what else can one give to those that one loved, and who have departed to the Great Beyond. He has become a part of history, and the pages of this book will endeavour to unfold his life and work, his years of struggle, his days of frustration, his moments of triumph, and the concept, philosophy and ideology which were the basis of his demand for Pakistan.

Nature had gifted him with a giant's strength in so far as his determination to achieve the tasks that he had set for himself were concerned, but it had clothed that will in a frail body, unable to keep pace with the driving force of his restless mind and will. It was bitter to be afflicted with health that

account, in reconstructing the story of Quaid's student and early professional life.

Now it remains to thank those who have helped me in various ways in producing the present volume. I am indebted to the National Archives of Pakitan and its Director, Mr. Atique Zafar Shaikh, for providing us with a legible photocopy of the Ms. and several photographs; to the National Documentation Centre, Lahore, and to Mr. Nazir Ahmad in particular for making available to us a microfilm of documents (vi) to (x); and to Mohammad Ahmad and Khwaja Razi Haider for helping me in the production of the volume. Above all, I am beholden to my nephew, Muhammad Akbar, whose perseverance finally procured for us the last five documents from the Bombay High Court. Most of the photographs included in this volume come from the collection of my late lamented friend, Jamil-ud-Din Ahmad, to whom all of us who now specialize on the Quaid and the Pakistan Movement owe so much for his pioneering work on these two subjects, dating back to the middle 1940s. I am also most grateful to his widow for donating his valuable collection of photographs to the Academy.

Sharif al Mujahid

*Karachi*
*27 December 1986*

public opinion in favour of the League, fell on his shoulders. The more he travelled, addressing mass meetings, the more were the demands made on his time. He was flooded with requests inviting him to visit cities, towns and villages, to carry the message of the League to the Muslims, who were gradually becoming more and more conscious that unless they stood together, their political future was not secure.

Wherever he went, I was with him. It was a heartening sign to see that the Muslims were getting over their lethargy; and the increasing number of people that turned out to listen to him indicated the growing hold the Muslim League was beginning to have over their minds, as well as of his growing personal popularity. As he spoke of the gigantic strength that the Muslims had in their hands, which could become decisive in determining the shape of any scheme of political reforms in the future, if they all stood united, loud and prolonged applause would rend the air. He thundered with the voice of an inspired leader, saying, "Let everyone realise the Muslim League has come to stay. All attempts to subotage the growing popularity of the Muslim League are doomed to failure. The Muslims are marching forward, and no power on earth can suppress their determination to succeed." As he ended his speech on the soaring crescendo of promise and hope, the huge gatherings would shout, "Muslim League Zindabad," "Mohamed Ali Jinnah Zindabad."

Ever since the League session in Lahore in 1940 passed the resolution, which has come to be known as the Pakistan Resolution, he whipped his failing health to make it keep pace with his increasing work. With a scattered and disorganised following as his only strength, he decided from that year onward to translate the demand for Pakistan into a heroic chapter of human history. Incessant travelling, long and arduous hours of work, and the worries, that are the only reward that a political leader recei-

could not stand the rigours of a tumultuous life in the face of overwhelming odds, and to be gifted with a tenaciousness that wanted to triumph over all obstacles to lead his people to their ultimate destiny.

His political activities and responsibilities had increased manifold during the last ten years of his life, when he had already entered the morning [?] of his old age. Despite the advice of his doctors and the pleadings of a younger sister, he did not spare himself, refusing to take rest or respite. Work, work and more work. He drained away the last reserves of his energy like a spendthrift child of nature. Alarmed at his poor health, when I sometimes begged of him not to work such long hours and to give up for some time his constant and whirlwind tours that carried him from one end of India to another, he would say, "Have you ever heard of a General take a holiday, when his army is fighting for its very survival on a battlefield?" He had the reputation of demolishing a well-built up case with one sentence, and what match could I be for him when it came to arguments? On such occasions I abandoned logic for sentiment, "But your life is precious; and you must take good care of it." With a distant look in his eyes, he said, "What is the health of one individual, when I am concerned with the very existence of ten crore[2] Muslims of India? Do you realise how much is at stake?" This was enough to silence sentimentalism, and he plunged himself deeper and deeper into the stormy ocean of political struggle to the utter neglect of his health.

When the general elections under the newly enacted Government of India Act, 1935, were being held in February 1937 all over India, the Muslim League for the first time put up its own candidates. At that time the League was neither well organised, nor had its message yet reached the Muslim masses. The brunt of the burden of organisation, of rallying

passed on heavy feet, and then I heard the screeching noise of the brakes, and the train came to a final stop. I called the guard and asked him to immediately arrange for a hot water bottle to be brought to our compartment. Wrapping the bottle in a napkin, I gently applied it on the painful spot, and was relieved to see that the pain somewhat subsided.

The train steamed into Delhi station in the early hours of the morning and we were soon at 10, Aurangzeb Road, which was our Delhi residence. I supported my brother from the car to his bed and immediately called his doctor on the telephone to come and examine him. After a thorough examination, the doctor pronounced that it was an attack of pleurisy and that he must stay in bed for about a fortnight. As soon as the doctor left, my brother said to me, "What bad luck. It is an important session. My presence is so essential there. And here I am, enjoying the luxury of an enforced confinement in bed." He remained in bed for two days and was again at his work. His was a restless spirit, born in a restless period of his nation's history.

It was a momentous session of the Central Assembly, and on him fell the task to explain the stand of the Muslim League on India's participation in the war efforts. As I watched him from the distinguished visitors' gallery rise in his seat to take the floor,[4] I wondered if he could at all muster strength to speak for more than a few minutes. He started his speech with a voice that betrayed fatigue, but as he progressed with his arguments, all trace of wearing disappeared. He was soon in his element, ridiculing the Government for their insidious propaganda to beguile the Muslims of India, and indicting the Government for it, saying, "Of course, you can do a lot by propaganda; but there are certain things which you cannot carry out by inspiring fear alone. . . .[5]"

> . . . it has become a fashion [he continued] to give a lecture to the weaker party, and you can

ves during his days of struggle, were taking a heavy toll, but he paid the price with a smile. His 5'10½"[3] body that normally weighed around 112 lbs, was losing its weight ounce by ounce, but he showed supreme indifference to such private matters as his personal health. That should not interfere with his work. I was once again arguing and pleading with him to put himself in the hands of competent doctors and to pay at least some attention to his physical fitness. But I never succeeded in stopping the onward rush of the mighty ocean of his will that wanted to sweep away all obstacles that stood as hinderances in the path of his people.

In addition to his duties and responsibilities as the President of the Muslim League, he had also to shoulder the burden of the office of leader of the Muslim League Party in the Central Legislative Assembly. We left Bombay sometime in [early November] 1940 to attend a session of the Assembly in Delhi that was being held there, inspite of slight temperature that he had been running for the previous few days. He had his dinner, and the train was racing onwards to its destination under a clear sky, studded with innumerable twinkling stars. As he lay in bed, he suddenly shouted out loud, as if some body had pierced him with a red hot iron. I was soon by his side, and inquired the reason of his shouting. The severity of the pain had benumbed his power of speech, and all that he could do was to point with his finger to a spot a little below the spinal chord and to the right side of it. It was obvious the pain was unbearable, and it was clear that medical aid could not be obtained on a moving train. In the hope of relieving his pain, I gently massaged the part of his body that was causing him so much pain. But finding that it only aggravated it, I gave up the attempt in despair, hoping that the train would stop soon at some station, so that I could arrange to get a hot water bottle for fomentation. The minutes

ressible Mr. Aney.

He had spoken for about one hour,and he was still on his legs. I was apprehensive about his health, which was far from satisfactory. Luckily he concluded his speech, saying,

> Bhulabhai Desai throughout his speech only emphasized two things: Democracy, democracy, democracy and a national government! What is the use? Whatever that cabinet may be, it will be responsible to this Legislature — in which Mr. Bhulabhai Desai can command two-thirds of the elected members. I will pity the man who happens to be in that cabinet and does not obey the Congress command and the Congress mandate![10]

As we drove home in our car from the Assembly, I saw his hands were shivering, and his fingers could hold his cigarette with difficulty. On reaching home, he straight away went to bed, without so much as changing his clothes.

The attack of pleurisy, in my opinion, was the beginning of the sickness that ultimately claimed his life. He could have got over it, if he had taken proper care, if he had kept regular hours, if he had given up exposing himself to wind and rain, as he toured the subcontinent, almost uninterruptedly. Thereafter he was always allergic to colds, and the slightest attack of even a mild cold would soon deepen into agonising days of fever and coughing.

A few months later, to be exact in April 1941, we were on our way from Bombay to Madras, where he was to preside over the Madras session of the All India Muslim League.[11] When our train was a few hours from Madras, he left his seat to go to the toilet. I was shocked to find that he walked only a few steps and then collapsed on the wooden plank flooring of the train. I rushed to his side and asked,"Jin, what is wrong?" He smiled, a worn out smile, "I feel very weak, exhausted". He put his hand on my

> afford to lecture the weaker party. . . . But we cannot really possibly vote supplies in the expenditure of which we have no lot, no share, no control.[6]
>
> Warming up, he continued, . . . if the Congress succeeds in defeating the Government, it is not my fault; it is the fault of your constitution; and you have enacted this constitution; you have been carrying it on—this wooden, antediluvian Government for decades now, and you cannot have it both ways. It is your constitution, it is of your making.[7]
>
> . . . I say this on the floor of this House that the reason why there has not been a settlement between the Hindus and the Musalmans is that—the Congress leaders will pardon me for saying this—the Congress is a Hindu organisation, whatever they may say — that the Hindu leaders and Congress leaders have had always at the back of their head the basis that the Musalmans have to come within the ken of the Congress and the Hindu raj, that they are a minority, and all that they can justly press for is merely safeguards as a minority, whereas let me tell the gentlemen of the Congress and the Nationalist Congress Party members that the Musalmans always had at their back the basis —and it has never been different during the last 25 years — that they are separate entity.[8]

At this Mr. M.S. Aney started to heckle him, "At least that was not the view of Mr. Jinnah before 1920". The Quaid-e-Azam retorted, "Since 1916, since the Lucknow Pact was passed, on the fundamental principle of two separate entities". Mr. Aney was not satisfied, and he angrily shouted, "I was there." The Quaid-e-Azam stood unruffled; in a cool voice he said, "My friend may have been there, but he was not even heard of at that time".[9] That devastating sentence silenced the otherwise irrep-

> munications, customs, currency, exchange, etc. We do not want in any circumstances a constitution of an All-India character with one government at the Centre. We will never agree to that. If we once agree to that, let me tell you, the Muslims will be absolutely wiped out of existence. We shall never be tributaries of any power or any government at the Centre so far as the North-West and Eastern zones of our free national homelands are concerned.[13]

I was proud of his performance, but behind that justifiable pride there arose the lurking shadow of the fear of a set-back in his health. The unbounded enthusiasm of that mammoth gathering, however, had injected a powerful tonic in his worn out body. He forgot his weakness, exhaustion, and fever in the mad rush of work into which he had willingly plunged himself.

The seven years before the establishment of Pakistan were the busiest and stormiest that he encountered in all his life. He toiled ceaselessly for the Muslims of India, and they gave him their support and loyalty ungrudgingly. They had endearingly named him, Quaid-e-Azam, "The Great Leader." and he was now more conscious than ever before of his role in the struggle for the emancipation of the Muslims of India. To me, who was always with him, it was a common sight to see him get up from a sick bed with difficulty, looking worn out and exhausted, inspite of the smart clothes that he wore. We would sit in our car on our way to address a huge gathering of Muslims, and all along the route he maintained strict silence, not to marshal his thoughts, but to preserve every ounce of his energy. He entered the ranks of his admiring followers, wearing a grim look, bowing slightly to this side and then to that, saluting and returning the tumultuous greetings of his party men. His step was firm, his eyes gleaming with hope. He mounted the dais, and after recitation of some verses from the Holy Quran and speeches by local

shoulder, lifted himself up, and wobbled towards his berth. Fortunately, within a few minutes the train came to a halt at an important junction, and thousands of enthusiastic Leaguers were on the platform, shouting, "Quaid-e-Azam Zindabad". I opened the door of our compartment slightly and shouted, "Don't shout. The Quaid is in bed, down with fatigue and fever. Run, get a doctor." Within a few minutes, the doctor came, examined him and said, "Sir, you have a nervous breakdown, very mild. Nothing serious. But I would not advise you to move about for at least one week. You must confine yourself to bed for a week."

We were in Madras, where thousands of delegates had gathered to attend the All-India Muslim League Session. The Quaid was too weak to address the open session on the first day, but on the following day he insisted he would deliver his presidential address. I advised him against it, but finding that he was adamant, begged of him to make a brief speech. "Yes, it will be very brief", he assured.

A hushed silence descended on that vast gathering as he rose to address them. He spoke extempore, without notes. He built each point with clarity of thought, and clothed them in a language that was easily intelligible even to the uninitiated in the intricate complexities of Indian politics of the time. He spoke with the voice of a leader that knows not only his mind, but was fully aware of the sentiments of his own following. The address was far from being brief, for he continued to speak for over two hours.[12] This leader, who had left a sick bed to be amidst his people, boldly elucidated the goal of the Muslims of India. He said,

> Let me tell you as clearly as I can possibly define it that the goal of the All-India Muslim League is this: We want the establishment of completely independent states in the North-West and Eastern Zones of India with full control finally of defence, foreign affairs, com-

destiny to a safe harbour fell to his hands that were worn out with work.

I watched with sorrow and pain that in his hour of triumph the Quaid-e-Azam was far from being physically fit. He had little or no appetite at all, and the best of delicacies, prepared with love and care, could not tempt him. His life-long habit of sleeping when he willed had gone, and he passed many sleepless nights, tossing on restless pillows. His cough increased and, with it, his temperature. From beyond the borders of Pakistan came the harrowing tales of massacre of Muslims, of rape and arson and loot, and these had a damaging effect on his sensitive mind.

As he discussed with me these mass killings on the breakfast table, his eyes were often moist with tears. The sufferings of Muslim refugees that trekked from India into Pakistan, which to them had been the Promised Land, depressed him. Then there was the Constitution of Pakistan to be framed, to which he applied his mind as often as he could find time to sit in his study, surrounded by books dealing with constitutions of various countries of the world. The problems of Kashmir Muslims, who had been betrayed by an alien and tyrannical ruler, weighed heavily on his mind. Pakistan had taken its place on the map of the world, but it had yet to take its roots in its own soil. These were the problems of which he talked, morning, noon and night. These were the phantoms that disturbed the peace of his mind, and snarled at him like phantoms in a nightmare.

A few days after our arrival in Karachi, he said at a dinner in his honour at the Karachi club.

> Miss Fatima Jinnah is a constant source of help and encouragement to me. In the days when I was expecting to be taken as a prisoner by the British Government, it was my sister who encouraged me, and said hopeful things when revolution was staring me in the face. Her constant care is about my health.[14]

leaders, he would walk to the mike. As he surveyed the seething mass of humanity that sat in their tens of thousands on bare earth to listen to him, he would speak to them in a voice that showed no trace of age or ill-health. At every pause they would shout, "Quaid-e-Azam Zindabad." He kept on raising his voice to a higher and higher crescendo of hope and cheer to his people, who seemed to be trapped in a dreary darkness under a cloudless sky. Little did his people know how tired, worn out, exhausted, and how sick he was. He was their hero, and how can one blame a hero for being heroic?

Back home, in the sanctified solitude of his room, he lay prostrate in the bed, breathless with fatigue, gasping for breath. Like many heroes of history, he was at home with solitude. But his radiating fire warmed the hearts of his people from a distance.

Fortunately, he had the capacity of sleeping at will, and so the worries and cares of the day stood on the side-lines of his sub-conscious, even though they did not completely melt in the warmth of a sound sleep. With the approach of dawn came fresh letters, fresh requests, new problems, and weighty decisions to be made. His was a soul that thirsted for service in a body that was worn out by work and ill-health. He kept up this feverish tempo of life for a number of years, inspite of the recurring bouts of fever that emaciated his body.

The demand for Pakistan had been accepted, and Pakistan was established on [14-15] August 1947. As we drove through cheering crowds on the streets of Karachi to the Governor General's House, little did they know how sick the Quaid-e-Azam was. To his nation it was the day of their independence, to him it was the moment of fulfilment. The destination had been reached, but the journey was not yet over. A new State that emerged on the political map of the world had to face many problems of gigantic magnitude. As the Head of the State, the task of steering the ship of Pakistan's

loss of health that alone could sustain his life. He chose to listen to the voice of duty and to turn a deaf ear to the advice of his doctors. The individual in him had surrendered all its rights to the leader in him. So we were on the move, from Karachi to Lahore, in September 1947, about a month after our arrival in Karachi. After a few days at Lahore, we came back to Karachi; and we had hardly remained in Karachi for three weeks, when once again we went to Lahore towards the end of October. Achievement of Pakistan had meant for him only the end of one phase of his life and work and the beginning of another phase, equally important, of consolidating Pakistan and ensuring its stability. He was not going to desert his place at the period of crisis through which his nation was passing and he did not spare himself. There were clouds of despondence hovering over the skies of Pakistan, and he wanted to infuse cheer and hope to dispel any feeling of frustration and desolation. Addressing a mammoth rally at the University Stadium in Lahore on 30th October 1947, he said,

> Some people might think that the acceptance of the June 3rd plan was a mistake on the part of the Muslim League. I would like to tell them that the consequences of any other alternative would have been too disastrous to imagine. On our side we proceeded to implement this plan with a clean conscience and honest intentions. Time and history will prove that. On the other hand, history will also record its verdict on those whose treachery and machinations let loose forces of disorder and disruption in this subcontinent causing death of lakhs, enormous destruction of property and bringing about suffering and misery to many millions by uprooting them from their homes and hearths and all that was dear to them. The systematic massacre of defenceless and innocent people puts to shame even the most heinous atrocities,

Little did his listeners realise how bad was the health of their leader.

It is a truism that complete success is more fatal to heroic inspiration than complete failure. His life's work had been accomplished, and he had been rewarded with the fullest measure of success, but it did not dampen his enthusiasm and zeal for more work in the service of his people. His physical strength had been sapped by the demon of ill-health, but his irrepressible spirit raised its head high, braving the challenges that independence brought to his nation. He wanted to face them courageously, to grapple with them, and to find solutions for them.

He totally neglected his health, and his coughing and slight temperature were beginning to worry me more and more. On my insistence he agreed to be examined by Dr. Col. Rahman, his personal physician. He had an abnormal aversion for doctor's medicines, and I was never able to find out the reasons that were at the basis of this life-long habit. Col. Rahman, after examining him, said he had a slight attack of malaria and he wanted to treat him on the basis of that diagnosis. Quaid-e-Azam put his doctor a number of questions, as if he was cross-examining a witness in a courtroom. Not satisfied with the doctor's explanation, he refused to take the medicines prescribed. "I don't have malaria. I am run down due to over-work." Rest was obviously the best medicine in such a case, but that he would not take; there was so much to be done. He said to me, "I will dig the mine of my physical strength to the last ounce of that metal to serve my people. And when that is exhausted, my work will be done, for life will be no more."

Refugees were pouring into Pakistan from the Khokrapar[15] border, and he wanted to be in Lahore to see refugee camps and other arrangements that were being made for them. The choice that lay before him was between dereliction of duty to a cause that he had always held dearer than life and the

by which they decided to accede to Pakistan. He would not let them down and, in order to fulfil a promise that he had made, we went in April 1948 to Peshawar, where a heavy programme awaited him. In his address to the students of Islamia College on 12th April, he said,

> On this occasion the thought that is naturally uppermost in my mind is the support and help that the movement for the achievement of Pakistan received from the student community, particularly of this Province. I cannot help feeling that the unequivocal and unmistakable decision of the people of this Province to join Pakistan, which was given through the referendum held last year, was helped considerably by the contribution made by the students. I take particular pride in the fact that the people of this province have never and in no way lagged behind in the struggle for freedom and achievement of Pakistan.[18]

The next day we drove to Risalpur, where he had to address the officers and men of the Royal Pakistan Air Force. India had retained military equipment that according to understanding arrived at the time of partition had to come to Pakistan, and our Air Force was without adequate aircraft and equipment. On that occasion, he said,

> I know also that you are short of aircraft and equipment, but efforts are being made to procure the necessary equipment and orders for modern aircraft have also been placed.
>
> But aircraft and personnel in any numbers are of little use, unless there is a team spirit within the Air Force and strict sense of discipline prevails. I charge you to remember that only with discipline and self reliance can the Royal Pakistan Air Force be worthy of Pakistan.[19]

On 14th April, he called a meeting of Civil Officers at Government House in Peshawar. He met

> committed by the worst tyrants known to history. We have been the victims of a deeply-laid and well-planned conspiracy executed with utter disregard of the elementary principles of honesty, chivalry and honour. We thank Providence for giving us courage and faith to fight these forces of evil. If we take our inspiration and guidance from the Holy Quran, the final victory, I once again say, will be ours.[16]

As he proceeded with his speech his voice trembled with emotion, and I heard him speak of death for the first time:

> Along with this, keep up your morale. Do not be afraid of death. Our religion teaches us to be always prepared for death. We should face it bravely to save the honour of Pakistan and Islam. There is no better salvation for a Muslim than the death of a martyr for a righteous cause. . . . Do your duty and have faith in God. There is no power on earth that can undo Pakistan. It has come to stay.[17]

He had done what he could as the Head of the State in the interest of the incoming refugees and, satisfied that they would receive all necessary attention, we returned to Karachi. The emotion of the occasion, aggravated by the sufferings of his people, had worn out not only his body, but also his spirit and soul. He was once again in bed, laid up with exhaustion and a mounting fever. In the meantime, the pace of work of the Government of a country that had just emerged, and that was starting its work from scratch, went on increasing from day to day. Files were pouring in, ministers and secretaries came to seek his advice, and peace and rest were impossible.

He oscillated between weeks of work and days of rest. He had promised the people of the Frontier Province that he would visit Peshawar to personally express his gratitude to them for the wonderful work they had done in the referendum the previous year

> and for which not only your Province but others too, are suffering — if they try and interfere with you in this way, I say, they are doing nothing but disservice to Pakistan. . . .
> May be some of you may fall victims for not satisfying the whims of Ministers. I hope it does not happen, but you may even be put to trouble not because you are doing anything wrong but because you are doing right. Sacrifices have to be made and I appeal to you, if need be, to come forward and make the sacrifice and face the position of being put in the blacklist or being otherwise worried or troubled. If you will give me the opportunity of your sacrifices, some of you at least, believe me, we will find a remedy for that very soon. I tell you that you will not remain on the blacklist if you discharge your duties and responsibilities honestly, sincerely and loyally to the State. It is you who can give us the opportunity to create a powerful machinery which will give you a complete sense of security. . . .You should try to create an atmosphere and work in such a spirit that everybody gets a fair deal, and justice is done to everybody. And not merely should justice be done but people should feel that justice has been done to them.[20]

A few days later, he addressed [the staff and] students of the Edwards College at Peshawar, where he recalled the day when he was "literally dismissed from this Province in 1937". He recalled the days of defeat of the Muslim League in the Frontier, and then spoke of the change that came over the Province during the last two to three years. He expressed his gratitude to the brave Pathans, who gave an overwhelming verdict in favour of Pakistan. He concluded,

> I want you to keep your heads up as citizens of a free and independent sovereign State. Praise your Government when it deserves.

many of them, mixed freely with them, and in an informal talk to them he said,

> The first thing that I want to tell you is this, that you should not be influenced by any political pressure, by any political party or individual politician. If you want to raise the prestige and greatness of Pakistan, you must not fall a victim to any pressure, but do your duty as servants to the people and the State, fearlessly and honestly. Service is the backbone of the State. Governments are formed, Governments are defeated, Prime Ministers come and go, Ministers come and go, but you stay on, and, therefore, there is a very great responsibility placed on your shoulders. You should have no hand in supporting this political party or that political party, this political leader or that political leader — this is not your business. Whichever Government is formed according to the constitution, and whoever happens to be the Prime Minister or Minister coming into power in the ordinary constitutional course, your duty is not only to serve that Government loyally and faithfully, but, at the same time, fearlessly, maintaining your high reputation, your prestige, your honour and the integrity of your service. If you will start with that determination, you will make a great contribution to the building up of the Pakistan of our conception and our dream — a glorious State and one of the greatest nations in the world.
>
> While impressing this upon you on your side, I wish also to take the opportunity of impressing upon our leaders and politicians in the same way that if they ever try to interfere with you and bring political pressure to bear upon you, which leads to nothing but corruption, bribery and nepotism — which is a horrible disease

Within a few days of arrival in Quetta, I found there was a marked improvement in his health. He was able to sleep well, and eat well; the coughing had subsided, and the temperature was normal. Only very important files that required his immediate attention were brought to him, and it was for the first time in many years that he appeared to enjoy a prolonged rest.

Occasionally he accepted to attend public functions that were sought to be arranged by different sections of the citizens of Quetta. He used them as occasions to make his views known on important problems that Pakistan was facing at that time. For instance, while replying to a welcome address presented to him by the Quetta Parsi community, he said, "In the very nature of things it will take eighteen months to two years before the new constitution of Pakistan is ready. . . . "[22] As he said these words, I recalled many occasions after independence when he spoke to me about his anxiety that a new constitution should be framed, which would be liberal, and ensure fundamental freedoms to the people of Pakistan, and that he hoped to complete this task in about two years. "It will be a constitution", he would say, "that will be worthy of a free people of a free country." It was very irritating to his sensitive mind that this all-important task was being delayed due to his recurring illness.

Continuing his reply to the address, he dwelt on the problems of minorities of Pakistan,

> You know that it is the policy of my Government and myself that every member of every community irrespective of caste, colour, creed or race shall be fully protected with regard to his life, property and honour and that there should be peace in Pakistan and law and order should be maintained at any cost.[23]

The following day he addressed the officers of the Staff College, Quetta, and in an emphatic voice, he said,

> Criticise your Government fearlessly when it deserves. . . . . Certainly criticise fearlessly, when a wrong thing is done. I welcome criticism. . . . By that method you will inprove matters more quickly for the benefit of our own people.[21]

While attending one of the open-air meetings held in Peshawar, the skies were overcast with foreboding and dark clouds. As the meeting proceeded, it began to drizzle. But thousands of people that had gathered there continued to keep their seats, undeterred by the threat of rain. My brother could not disappoint them, although, sitting next to him, I advised him that we must leave. He was drenched to the bone, but he sat throughout the meeting, braving the inclement weather. That night he had a running nose, cold and chill, cough and high temperature. He turned down my advice to call for a doctor, "It is nothing. Just cold. I will get over it."

But he never got over it. When we returned to Karachi, he continued to cough constantly, and when a doctor was forced on him, he learnt that he was in for a mild attack of bronchitis. Although he kept in bed for a few days, he regularly attended to his files that were brought to him.

After about six weeks he was feeling a bit better; weakness, however, continued to persist. I was constantly pleading with him to leave Karachi and to go somewhere else in Pakistan, to give a chance to his health to recoup. My arguments were supported by his personal physician, Dr. Rahman, who warned him in no unmistakable words that unless he gave up work completely for at least two months and took complete rest, he would only be doing irreparable damage to his health. I was relieved when one day in June he yielded and suggested that we should get away from the oppressive heat of a Karachi summer, and go to the cool heights of Quetta.

> but when people want to reduce them merely to channels of personal aggrandizement, they not only lose their value but earn a bad name. Let us avoid that and it is possible only if, as I have said, we subject our action to perpetual scrutiny and test them with the touchstone not of personal or sectional interest but of the good of the State.[25]

He had accepted to perform the opening ceremony of the State Bank of Pakistan in Karachi on 1st July 1948. Afraid that if he undertook the journey to Karachi for this purpose and returned to Queeta after a day or two, he might have a relapse in his health, I tried to dissuade him from undertaking the journey and suggested to let some one else on his behalf read the speech he had prepared for the occasion. He replied,

> You know, the Congress and the Hindus prophesied that Pakistan would be a bankrupt State, that our people would not know how to run its commerce, industry, banking, shipping, insurance. We must prove that we have the talent to run our country not only in the field of politics, but also in finance and banking. So my presence is necessary. And then we will return to Quetta in a few days. Why worry about my health. This is a duty I have to perform. I can't put it off, and say I am afraid to take risks.

This air journey between Quetta and Karachi laid him low, and on the day of the opening of the State Bank he was confined to bed. He was too weak, yet he got up, dressed for the occasion, and was reading his address before a distinguished gathering. His very first sentence explained his presence inspite of his bad health.

> The opening of the State Bank of Pakistan symbolizes the sovereignty of our State in the financial sphere. . . . As you have observed, Mr.

One thing more, I am pursuaded to say this because during my talks with one or two very high ranking officers I discovered that they did not know the implication of the Oath taken by troops of Pakistan. Of course, an Oath is only a matter of form; what is more important is the true spirit and the heart.

But it is an important form and I would like to take the opportunity of refreshing your memory by reading the prescribed Oath to you:

I solemnly affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, that I owe allegiance to the Constitution and the Dominion of Pakistan (Mark the words Constitution and the Government of the Dominion of Pakistan) and that I will as in duty bound honestly and faithfully serve in the Dominion of Pakistan Forces and go within the terms of my enrolment wherever I may be ordered by air, land or sea and that I will observe and obey all commands of any officer set over me.....

As I have said just now, the spirit is what really matters. I should like you to study the Constitution which is in force in Pakistan at present and understand its true constitutional and legal implications when you say that you will be faithful to the Constitution of the Dominion.[24]

On 15th June in his reply to the Civic Address presented to him by the Quetta Municipality, he said it pained him to find the curse of provincialism holding sway on every section of Pakistan, and he advised them to forget that they were Baluchis, Pathans, Sindhis, Punjabis, Bengalis, but to look upon themselves as Pakistanis first and last. Towards the end of his reply he said,

Representative government and representative institutions are no doubt good and desirable, but

scarcely audible, pausing, coughing, as he proceeded with the text of his speech. When we returned to the Governor General's House after the ceremony, he went to his bed with his clothes and shoes on. Within that emaciated body that lay in bed there burnt the dazzling flame of genius.

He had accepted for that evening an invitation to attend a reception at the American Ambassador's house. His ill-health was not to keep him away from discharging his official duties. He was soon dressed for the occasion and we were at the Ambassador's party. He showed no trace of fatigue or weakness; he chatted with the guests that were brought to him; his jovial spirit belying his extremely poor health. He had to pay the price that an exalted position demands on such occasions and he paid it with a smile.

After five days' stay at Karachi, where he attended to some very important files and work, we returned to Quetta by air. Although he stood the air journey well, the next day he showed signs of weariness and fatigue. A slight fever persisted, adding to his discomfiture and to my anxiety. Once again at Quetta requests began to pour in from various institutions, and demands were made from so many individuals and leaders, who were anxious to see the Quaid-e-Azam. He felt dejected that his health could not permit him to oblige them, and one day he decided that we move up to Ziarat, a few miles from Quetta, where it would be cooler than Quetta and decidedly more restful.

The Residency at Ziarat, where we stayed, was a picturesque, old, double-storied building, standing like a watchful sentry on a rising hillock. It has spacious lawns and gardens, where the birds sing their morning hymns and their evening vespers. A cluster of fruit trees and beds of flowers add to the scenic beauty of the place, and the Quaid-e-Azam fell in love with its quiet and charm.

I was informed by Mrs. Khan, wife of the Commis-

Governor, in undivided India banking was kept a close preserve of non-Muslims and their migration from Western Pakistan has caused a good deal of dislocation in the economic life of our young State. In order that the wheels of commerce and industry should run smoothly, it is imperative that the vacuum caused by the exodus of non-Muslims should be filled without delay. . . . The abnormal rise in the cost of living has hit the poorer sections of society including those with fixed incomes very hard indeed and is responsible to a great extent for the prevailing unrest in the country. The policy of the Pakistan Government is to stabilise prices at a level that would be fair to the producer, as well as to the consumer. . . . The economic system of the West has created almost insoluble problems for humanity and to many of us it appears that only a miracle can save it from disaster that is now facing the world. It has failed to do justice between man and man and to eradicate friction from the international field. On the contrary, it was largely responsible for the two world wars in the last half century. The Western world, inspite of its advantages of mechanization and industrial efficiency is today in a worse mess than ever before in history. The adoption of Western economic theory and practice will not help us in achieving our goal of creating a happy and contented people. We must work our destiny in our own way and present to the world an economic system based on true Islamic concept of equality of manhood and social justice. We will thereby be fulfilling our mission as Muslims and giving to humanity the message of peace which alone can save it and secure the welfare, happiness and prosperity of mankind.[26]

Every one present must have realised that the Quaid-e-Azam was in bad health, his voice being

little time and strength left to do it. Nonetheless, he believed the candle should go on shedding its light until the dawn had taken over its task.

Late in the afternoon of Friday, the 23rd July 1948, I was relieved to learn from Farrukh Amin that Col. Ilahi Bux had arrived in Ziarat, and was waiting downstairs to examine the Quaid-e-Azam. I gave the happy news to my brother, and he said in an unenthusiastic voice, "Ask the doctor to see me tomorrow morning. It is late in the evening now, and I don't want to be disturbed." The non-challant manner in which he received the news shocked me, and I cajoled him to allow the doctor to examine him, as it was not wise to play with one's life. All that I received from him by way of an answer was a sweet smile that completely disarmed me.

The following morning I took Col. Ilahi Bux to the Quaid-e-Azam, and before the doctor could ask any questions from his patient, he said, "I hope, doctor, you had a good journey".

The doctor was now asking him what the trouble was and the history of his sickness and complaints. The Quaid-e-Azam gave faithfully a brief account of all his ailments since 1934, his emphasis being that he was alright, and that he would soon be able to work normal hours and keep his scheduled appointments, if his stomach could be set right. He continued,

> I have been working fourteen hours a day for the last fourteen years. I have never known what sickness really is. However, for the past few years I get frequent attacks of fever and coughing. A few days rest enables me to get over them. Recently they have become more exacting and more frequent and they have laid me low.

These few sentences had completely exhausted him; the doctor took hold of his left arm to check his pulse, and the patient was coughing frequently. "A few weeks ago", he continued,

sioner of Quetta division, that Dr. Riaz Ali Shah was on a visit to Ziarat to examine one of his patients, and she thought it would be a good idea to have the Quaid-e-Azam examined by Dr. Riaz. When I made the suggestion to my brother he turned it down with an emphatic, no, saying he was sure there was nothing seriously wrong with him; only if his stomach was able to digest food a little better, he would soon be on his legs. His life-long aversion to being ordered about by doctors what to do, what to eat, how much to eat, when to sleep, how long to rest, kept on asserting itself.

Up to this time he had refused to undergo a thorough medical check up and to put himself entirely in the hands of doctors, thinking he could will his way to health. He had by now realised that his attempts had proved futile, and for the first time his health began to give cause for alarm to his own self. I was very happy one early morning when he agreed that he should take no more risks, that he really needed good medical advice and attention. I wasted no time, and asked Mr. Farrukh Amin, Private Secretary to the Quaid, to telephone Chaudhri Mohammad Ali, who was at the time Secretary General of the Cabinet, that Dr. Col. Ilahi Bux, an eminent physician of Lahore, should be immediately flown out to Ziarat. This was on 21st July 1948.

The message had been sent and we waited anxiously the arrival of Col. Ilahi Bux, as the condition of the Quaid-e-Azam was getting worse every hour. Inspite of his physical disabilities, his mind was active and alert, his spirit undampened and undaunted. He had won many battles in life; he faced his struggle against ill-health with confidence. He had spent all his life treading the fiery path of struggle and defiance, and he did not want to end it in the ashes of complacency. He continued to talk to me frequently about the new constitution, about Kashmir, about the refugees; and I could see in his words the agony of a soul that wanted to do so much and who had so

that Col. Ilahi Bux should inform him, as it appeared to me to be the only way of obtaining his fullest cooperation in the matter of diet, rest and treatment. When he stepped into his presence, Dr. Ilahi Bux, in a voice that betrayed no undue anxiety, said, "Sir, I am afraid results of the clinical tests show that you have an infection of the lungs".

He heard the news quietly, and after a few minutes said, "This means that I am suffering from tuberculosis".

Col. Ilahi Bux did not reply. "Tell me, doctor, since how long do you think I have had it?"

"I think, Sir, at least two years. But I would like to have an X-ray examination of the chest, before I could express any definite opinion on that point. But, Sir, I assure you it is not very serious. We will do our best, and if your system responds well to the treatment, you will soon be alright again."

"Does Miss Jinnah know of this? Did you tell her?"

"Yes, Sir, I have."

"I think it was a mistake. She is a woman, after all."[30]

Just then I entered the room, and the Quaid asked the doctor, "How long do you think I will be in bed? You know I have so many responsibilities and I have so much to do."

"It is too early to answer that question, Sir. But everything possible will be done to put you right as soon as possible."

I was all alone with my brother, inspite of his pale face, that spoke loudly of fatigue and exhaustion. He smiled and said,

> Fati, so you see, you were right . . . . . . I should have consulted specialists earlier. . . . . . But I am not sorry. Man can only struggle . . . . . . the tongue of destiny is always dumb . . . . . . I will stand my post as long as I can . . . . . . you know, my principle has always been . . . . . . never to blindly accept . . . . . . the advice of

I had an attack of cold and chill and I have been taking penicillin lozenges. There is nothing organically wrong with me, I am sure. It is my stomach, that is the root cause of my troubles. About fifteen years ago some doctors in London advised me to undergo an abdominal operation. But when I consulted doctors in Germany they said my stomach was alright. My Bombay doctor at that time told me I had heart trouble. So, you see, doctors don't agree among themselves.[27]

After Col. Ilahi Bux had thoroughly examined him, he said,

> Sir, your stomach is alright, but I am not sure about your chest and lungs. I will get your blood and sputum examined; I will, therefore, ask for the necessary equipment and apparatus and for some doctors to assist me in this task.[28]

Quaid-e-Azam listened to the doctor in silence. "Sir, you must take nourishing diet in sufficient quantities", the doctor advised.

> For breakfast you must take porridge, eggs, butter, bread, coffee and plenty of milk. For lunch, minced chicken, vegetables, and custard or jelly; for dinner, grilled fish, with sauce of your choice, vegetables and fruit, pudding and coffee.

"That is a lot, doctor. Do you think my weak stomach can stand all that?"

"Sir, you need a high caloric diet. It is very essential in your case."[29]

The following morning Dr. Siddiqui, the Civil Surgeon of Quetta, and Dr. Mahmood, the Clinical Pathologist, came with the necessary equipment. They took samples of his blood and sputum, and that afternoon I learnt the fateful news that the result was positive. The world seemed to be slipping from under my feet. What could I do? I thought it best

Riaz Ali Shah, Dr. Alam, the X-ray specialist, and Dr. Ghulam Muhammad, the Clinical Pathologist, arrived from Lahore, with the X-ray apparatus and equipment. Their examination and tests confirmed the opinion and findings of Dr. Ilahi Bux. They decided it was necessary to have a night nurse to attend on the Quaid. At first he refused, saying he was being well looked after, and that it would be sheer waste of money to engage a night nurse, but ultimately he agreed, saying, "My sister has been by my bedside, day and night . . . . . . for so many weeks . . . . . . she must be tired. . . . . . Yes, you can engage a night nurse". "And so sister Phyllis Dunham, who was working in the Civil Hospital, Quetta, came to Ziarat. She proved to be an efficient nurse, and the Quaid liked her for it. Dr. Ilahi Bux was told by Sister Dunham that the Quaid was wearing silk pyjamas, which had been his life-long habit, and that at night he often shivered with cold. On this the doctor ordered viyélla [?] from Karachi and I had some pyjamas made for him. It gave us reason for hope, when we found that he was more restful, slept long hours, and was able to take sufficient food. His temperature was normal, his coughing had almost subsided, and his blood pressure gave no cause for anxiety.

Towards the end of July, without prior notice, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister, arrived in Ziarat accompanied by Chaudhri Mohammad Ali. He asked Dr. Ilahi Bux about his diagnosis of Quaid's health. The doctor said that as he had been invited by me to attend to the Quaid, he could only say what he thought of his patient to me. "But, as Prime Minister, I am anxious to know about it." The doctor politely answered, "Yes, Sir, but I can't do it without the patient's permission".[32]

As soon as I was told, as I was sitting with the Quaid, that the Prime Minister and the Secretary General wanted to see him, I informed him. . . . After a few minutes he said, "Go down. . . . . . . Tell the

others . . . . . . I have always followed . . . . .
my own will . . . . . and learnt by hard knocks.

Only a few months earlier he had said in his address to the students of Islamia College at Peshawar, "You will learn from your costly experience and the knocks that you shall have received during your life time". To go his own way and to learn by hard knocks, that had been the dominant keynote of his character throughout his life.

It was heartening to see that he could eat more than he had done for many weeks, and in order to tempt his appetite, I engaged as our cook, Amanat Ali, who had learnt the culinary art at the Ritz Hotel in Paris and had been for some time chef of the Maharaja of Kapurthala. Dr. Ilahi Bux engaged a lady compounder to take the Quaid's temperature. For the first time, he asked her, "What is my temperature?" She replied firmly, "Sir, I can only say that to the Doctor". He insisted, "But I must know my own temperature". She was adamant, "Sorry, Sir, I can't tell it to you".

As soon as the lady compounder left, he smiled and said to me, "I like people like that. . . . . . People, who can be firm . . . . . . and refuse to be cowered down."[31]

No visitors were allowed to see the Quaid-e-Azam, but when Mr. Hassan Ispahani, our Ambassador in Washington, visited our home in Ziarat, the Quaid was happy to see Mr. Ispahani, who had been his close associate for a number of years. As he came down after seeing his leader, Mr. Ispahani broke down in tears. He could not bear to see that veteran of many fights lay helpless in bed, struggling feebly for his life. He assured Dr. Ilahi Bux that he would be only too happy to fly out specialists and medicines from America that may be needed. He was informed they would gladly ask for it, if it was necessary.

In the meantime, on Dr. Ilahi Bux's request, Dr.

> about by the ruined finances of the State. But these prophets of evil have been thoroughly discredited. Our first budget was a surplus one: there is a favourable balance of trade, and a steady and an all-round improvement in the economic field.[33]

A few days later the doctors found that his blood pressure was very low; there was swelling on his feet; and his urinary output had considerably decreased. After a prolonged conference the doctors said to me that he was suffering from weakness of the heart and kidneys. Ziarat was not good for him in his present condition of health. The Quaid agreed with their suggestion, but insisted he should be shifted to Quetta after 14th August, on which day the First Anniversary of our Independence was to be celebrated. The doctors were not prepared to wait until then, and so ultimately we made ready to leave Ziarat for Quetta on 13th August.[34]

He insisted that he would not travel in pyjama suit, saying he had never done that in his life. I was happy that he continued to show signs of interest in life, and I brought out a brand new suit, which he had never worn before, a tie to match, put the kerchief in his vanity pocket, and made him wear his shining pump shoes. He was brought down on a stretcher and was put in a semi-reclining posture in the back seat of the big Bumber car, in which we undertook the journey to Quetta. I sat next to him and sister Dunham in the extra chair, and his A.D.C. sat in front with the chauffeur.

The car moved slowly to avoid jerks and bumps, and on our way we stopped twice, when I had him tea and biscuits. It took us four hours to reach Quetta, and I was apprehensive every minute whether he would be able to stand the strain of the journey. As soon as we reached the Residency in Quetta, where we were to stay, the doctors examined him, and they assured me that he had stood the journey

Prime Minister . . . . . I will see him."

"It is late, Jin. Let them see you tomorrow morning."

"No, let him come now. . . ."

The two were together for about half an hour, and as soon as Liaquat Ali Khan came down, I went upstairs to my brother. I found him absolutely tired, and he wore a sickly look. He asked me to give him some fruit juice, and then said, "Send Mr. Mohammed Ali. . . . . . "The Secretary General of the Cabinet was with him for about fifteen minutes, and when he was once again alone, I went into his room, I asked him if he would have juice or coffee, but his mind was too preoccupied to answer me. By now it was dinner time, and he said, "You better. . . . . . . go down. . . . . . . Have dinner . . . . . . with them."

"No . . . . . . that is not correct. . . . . . . They are . . . . . . our guests here. . . . . . . Go. . . . . . . Eat with them."

14th August, when our nation was to celebrate its first anniversary of Independence was drawing near and against his doctor's advice, he was thinking about the message that he wanted to address the nation on that occasion. He was busy at it, inspite of his failing health. The message to be released on the Independence Day said;

> Remember, that the establishment of Pakistan is a fact of which there is no parallel in the history of the world. . . . I have full faith in my people. . . . Disappointed in their efforts by other means to strangle the new State at its very birth, our enemies yet hoped that economic manoeuvres would achieve the object they had at heart. With all the wealth of argument and detail, which malice could invent or ill-will devise, they prophesied that Pakistan would be left bankrupt. And what the fire and sword of the enemy could not achieve, would be brought

cigarettes, Craven A. He had always been a heavy smoker, smoking about fifty cigarettes a day.[37]

In the evening, the doctor came again; seeing five cigarettes butt ends in the ashtray he looked at his patient inquiringly and the Quaid said with a smile, "Yes, Doctor, I smoked five . . . . . . But I didn't inhale." And he laughed, happy as a child.

Eid-ul-Fitr was to fall that year on 27th August,[38] and he was busy preparing his Eid day message to the nation. This proved to be the last of hundreds of speeches he prepared during the course of his long political career. In this message, he wrote,

> It is only with united effort and faith in our destiny that we shall be able to translate the Pakistan of our dreams into reality. . . .[39]
>
> For us the last Eid-ul-Fitr which followed soon after the birth of Pakistan was marred by the tragic happenings in East Punjab. The blood bath of last year and its aftermath — the mass migration of millions — presented a problem of unprecedented magnitude. To provide new moorings for this mass of drifting humanity strained our energies and resources to breaking point. The immensity of the task very nearly overwhelmed us and we could only just keep our heads above water. The brief span of 12 months was not sufficient to see all the Mohajareens settled in profitable employment in Pakistan. Considerable progress has been made in resettling them but a good many remain to be rehabilitated. We cannot rejoice till every one of them has been put on his feet again. I am sanguine that by next Eid this formidable and intractable problem will have been solved and all the refugees absorbed in Pakistan's economy as useful members of society.[40]

Continuing his message, he wrote: My Eid message to our brother Muslim States is one of friendship and goodwill. We are all passing

well. He told his doctors after a few hours. "I feel . . . . . . better here. . . . . . . At Ziarat . . . . . it was difficult to breathe."[35]

He began to improve and Dr. Illahi Bux suggested he should start attending about an hour a day to his files, as he thought it better to divert his active mind to some work to prevent it from brooding all the time about his health. He was very happy, and he enjoyed this liberty with great relish. After a few days the doctors asked him to leave his bed and to walk a few steps every day in his room with their help, so that it may help the circulation of his blood. He accepted the suggestion with a smile, happy that once again after many weeks he would be able to stand on his legs, instead of lying in a sick bed. It was heartening to see that he still showed signs of fight, a hope that was confirmed, when he told the doctors the following story,

You know, doctor, I will tell you a story. There was a woman who told her doctor she could not walk, as she had been ill and had been in bed for many months. The doctor said she had recovered and it was necessary she should leave her bed and start walking. She refused, inspite of doctor's pleadings. Another doctor came, examined her, and gave the same advice. He paused, tired, breathless. Then another doctor came. He put a flaming stove under her bed, without her knowing it. She realised her bed would soon be in flames . . . . She rushed out of her bed . . . . . . screaming . . . . We all laughed. "Doctor, do you want to do that with me?"[36]

After a little pause, he said, "Doctor, I like smoking . . . . . . . I haven't smoked for days . . . . . Can I smoke?"

Dr. Ilahi Bux said assuringly, "Yes, Sir, begin with only one a day. But don't inhale."

I brought out a tin of his favourite brand of

of Quetta was bad for his weak heart. They broke the news to me with a heavy heart that there was little hope, and that only a miracle could save his life. When I informed my brother about the advice of his doctors to go to Karachi in order to avoid the altitude of Quetta, he said, "Yes . . . . . . take me to Karachi . . . . . . I was born there . . . . . . I want to be buried . . . . . . there. His eyes closed, and I stayed by his bed side. I could hear his thoughts ramble in the realm of his unconsciousness. He whispered in his sleep, "Kashmir . . . . . . Give them . . . . . . the right . . . . . . to decide . . . . . . Constitution . . . . . . I will complete it. . . . . . . soon. . . . . . Refugees . . . . . . give them . . . . . . all assistance . . . . . . Pakistan. . . ."

The Viking of the Governor-General was ordered to fly immediately to Quetta, and the doctors decided on 11th September that we should be at the airport at two in the afternoon on our way back to Karachi. As he was being taken on a stretcher into the cabin of the Viking, the pilot and the crew had lined up to give him a salute. He raised his feeble hand with difficulty and returned their salute.

We laid him comfortably in the seats that had been converted into an improvised bed in the front cabin, and with him sat myself, Dr. Mistry and sister Dunham. The pilot had warned us that he would have to fly at about 7,000 feet for some time, and as soon as he had crossed the mountains of Baluchistan, he would fly at about 5,000 feet. Oxygen cylinder and gas mask were ready; and I was to give him oxygen when we were flying at high altitude. We were air-borne and the Viking ascended higher and higher. The Quaid found it difficult to breathe, and I put the gas mask to his mouth. He took oxygen for some time, and then brushed it away, as if to say to me, "It is useless. It is all over." I asked Dr. Mistry to call Dr. Ilahi Bux, and I was happy to see that Dr. Ilahi Bux succeeded in induc-

> through perilous times. The drama of power politics that is being staged in Palestine, Indonesia and Kashmir should serve an eye opener to us. It is only by putting up a united front that we can make our voice felt in the counsels of the world.
>
> Let me, therefore, appeal to you — in whatever language you may put, when the essence of my advice is boiled down, it comes to this — that every Musalman should serve Pakistan honestly, sincerely and selflessly.[41]

These turned out to be his last recorded words.[42]

Towards the end of August the Quaid-e-Azam suddenly became apathetic, and one day looking intently into my eyes, he said, "Fati, I am no more interested . . . . . . in living . . . . . . The sooner I go . . . . . . . the better." These were omnious words. I was shocked, as if I had caught a live electric wire. I managed to keep calm and said, "Jin, you will be soon alright, Doctors are hopeful." He smiled, a deathly smile, "No. . . . . . . I don't want to live."

On 1st September Dr. Ilahi Bux in a depressed voice said to me, "The Quaid-e-Azam has had a haemorrhage. I am worried. We must take him to Karachi. The altitude of Quetta is not good for him." His health began to deteriorate, and on the 5th the doctors on examining his sputum found there were signs of germs of pneumonia and his blood showed evidence of acute infection. He was feeling suffocated and out of breath and doctors started giving him oxygen. On the 7th I sent a cable to Mr. Ispahani in Washington to fly out American specialists, whose names had been suggested by Dr. Riaz and the following day I telephoned Dr. Mohammad Ali Mistry of Karachi to come immediately to Quetta. There was another conference among his doctors, and after weighing the pros and cons of the situation, they decided it was necessary to remove him to Karachi at once, as the altitude

ambulance to come, every minute an eternity of agony. He could not be shifted to the Cadillac, as it was not big enough for the stretcher. And so we waited, hoping .......

Near by stood hundreds of huts of refugees, who went about their business, not knowing that their Quaid, who had given them a homeland, was in their midst, lying helpless in an ambulance that had run out of petrol. Cars honked on their way, buses and trucks streamed to their destinations, and we stood there immobilised in an ambulance that refused to move an inch, with a precious life ebbing away, drop by drop, breath by breath.

We waited for over one hour, and no hour in my life has been so long and painful. Then came another ambulance. He was carried on the stretcher to the newly arrived ambulance, and we proceeded, after all, to the Governor-General's house. When he was gently put into his bed, Ilahi's watch told me that it had been more than two hours after we had landed at Mauripur airport. Two hours from Quetta to Karachi, and two hours from Mauripur airport to the Governor-General's House.

The doctors examined him and said he had been none the worse for the air journey and the irksome incident of the ambulance. He was soon fast asleep, and the doctors left the Governor-General's House, saying they would be back in a short while. I was now alone with my brother who slept so peacefully. I intuitively felt it was like the last brilliant flicker of the candle-flame before it has burnt itself out. In my silence my mind seemed to commune with him:

> Oh, Jin, if they could pump out all my blood, and put it in you, so that you may live. If it would will God to take away all my years and give them to you, so that you may continue to lead our nation, how grateful I would be to Him.

ing him to take oxygen. I have never had a more anxious air journey in all my life.

After about two hours' flying, we landed at Mauripur Airport at 4.15 in the afternoon. Here he had landed about a year ago, full of hope, full of confidence that he would build Pakistan into a great nation. Thousands had thronged to welcome him, including cabinet ministers and members of the diplomatic corps. But that day, as instructed in advance, there was no one at the airport. Colonel Geoferry Knowles, the Military Secretary of the Governor-General, was the first to receive us as we got out of the plane. The Quaid was carried on a stretcher to a military ambulance that had been kept ready to drive him to the Governor-General house. Sister Dunham and I sat with him in the ambulance, which was being driven at a very slow speed, while other members of our party left in cars, only Dr. Ilahi Bux, Dr. Mistry, and the Military Secretary were following our ambulance in the Governor-General's Cadillac.

After we had covered about four miles, the ambulanced coughed, as if gasping for breath, and came to a sudden stop. After about five minutes, I came out of the ambulance and was told that it had run short of petrol. The driver started fidgeting with the engine, but it would not start. As I entered the ambulance again, the Quaid's hands moved slightly, and his eyes looked at me in an inquiring manner. I bent low and said to him, "There is a breakdown in the engine of the ambulance."

He closed his eyes.

Usually there is a strong sea-breeze in Karachi, which keeps the temperature down, and relieves the oppressiveness of a warm day. But that day there was no breeze, and the heat was unbearable. To add to this discomfort, scores of flies buzzed around his face, and his hands had lost strength to raise themselves to ward off their attack. Sister Dunham and I fanned his face by turns, waiting for another

never seen or known put her arms round my neck, and quietly whispered into my ear a verse from the Holy Quran:

From God he came,
To God he returned.

## NOTES

1. Miss Jinnah moved into Jinnah's bangalow on Malabar Hills after the death of Ruttenbai on 20 February 1929, since when she was his constant companion.

2. One crore equals 10 million.

3. Jinnah was 5'11½".

4. He spoke on 19 November 1940.

5. Jamil-ud-Din Ahmad (ed.), *Speeches and Writings of Mr. Jinnah* (Lahore: Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, 7th edn., 1968), I: 199; hereafter referred to by its title.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 207.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 208.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 210.

9. *Ibid.*, pp.210–211.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 220.

11. The Muslim League session was held during Easter holidays, 12–15 April 1941.

12. On 12 April 1941, the first day of the session, after the welcome address by Abdul Hameed Khan, Chairman, Reception Committee, Jinnah responded briefly, first in Urdu and then in English. Because he was still unwell, his presidential address was postponed to 14 April. On that day, he spoke for one hour fifty-four minutes at a stretch, indeed a feat for a person who had suffered a nervous breakdown barely three days before. In the procession and at the flag-hoisting ceremony on 11 April, he was deputised by Amir Muhammad Khan, Raja of Mahmudabad, who was Treasurer of the AIML at the time. The editor was present throughout the session. See also the account by Hasan Reyaz, Editor, Manshoor (Delhi), the official mouthpiece of the All-India Muslim League, in *Manshoor*, 17 May 1941.

13. *Speeches and Writings of Mr. Jinnah*, I: 262–63.

14. *Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah: Speeches as Governor-General of Pakistan* (Islamabad: Directorate of Research, Reference and Publications, n.d.), p. 5; hereafter referred to as *Speeches as G.G.*

He slept for about two hours, undisturbed. And then he opened his eyes, saw me, and signalled with his head and eyes for me to come near him. He made one last attempt and whispered, "Fati, Khuda Hafiz. . . . . . . *La Ilaha Il Allah* . . . . . . *Mohammad* . . . . . . *Rasul* . . . . . . *Allah*." His head dropped slightly to his right, his eyes closed.

I ran out of the room, shouting, screaming, "Doctor, doctor. Be quick. My brother is dying. Where are the Doctors?"

In a few minutes they were there, examining him and giving him injections. I stood there, motionless, speechless. Then I saw them cover his whole body, head to foot, with a white sheet. I knew what it meant. Death had come to take him away from this life that must end to a life which is Eternal, Immortal.

Col. Ilahi Bux walked on heavy feet towards me, put his right palm over my left shoulder, and wept like a little child. Those tears, in a language without words or voice, conveyed to me the fatal news. I searched for tears, but the well where one finds them had dried up. I wanted to scream and cry, but my voice had sunk into the abyss of speechlessness. I dragged myself to his bed side, and flung myself like a log of wood on the floor.

The news of his death must have spread far and wide. The huge iron-gates of the Governor-General's House, where normally strict security measures prevent unauthorised entry, opened themselves wide, and endless streams of peoples came from all directions.

Soon many of them were in the room, where he lay, undisturbed, in a sleep that was beyond awakening. I sat there, oblivious of my surroundings. I lost count of time, I had completely lost myself in my irreparable loss.

I do not know how long I sat there, staring at the white sheet that covered my brother's body.

But I remember that an elderly lady, whom I had

consulted two or three London specialists, but they failed to diagnose my illness, and one of them even advised operation. . . . " Ilahi Bakhsh, *With the Quaid-i-Azam During His Last Days* (Karachi: Quaid-i-Azam Academy, 1978), pp. 4–5.

28. Ilahi Bakhsh's version is as follows: ". . . . Now tell me all about it. How long have I had this disease? What are the chances of my overcoming it? How long will the treatment last? I should like to know everything and you must not hesitate to tell me the whole truth." I replied that I could not give a definite opinion until I had guaged the extent of the disease process by means of an X-ray examination but felt confident that with the aid of the latest drugs there should be a fair chance of a considerable improvement. What I had told him did not appear to have disturbed his composure unduly and I was greatly impressed by the manner in which he had taken the grave news." *ibid.*, p. 8.

29. Ilahi Bakhsh's version is as follows: " For breakfast, I allowed him porridge, half-boiled or scrambled or poached eggs, thin slices of white bread with butter followed by coffee with plenty of milk; fruit juice at 11 O'clock; minced chicken or steamed or boiled fish with white sauce, mashed potatoes and green peas followed by baked custard or fruit jelly with cream for lunch; biscuits and tea in the afternoon; and for dinner, minced chicken or grilled fish with some appetizing sauce, mashed potatoes, green peas or boiled marrow, followed by a light pudding and coffee. . . ." *Ibid.*, p. 6.

30. Ilahi Bashkh's version is as follows: "While I was telling him the grave news I watched him intently, all the time uncertain whether I had not made a mistake. He, however, remained quite calm and all he said after I had finished was, "Have you told Miss Jinnah?" I replied, "Yes, Sir. Since I thought it proper to conceal the nature of the illness from you, fearing it might have an adverse effect on you, I had to take her into confidence." The Quaid-e-Azam interrupted me and said, "No, you shouldn't have done it. After all she is a woman." I expressed regret for the pain caused to his sister, but explained that there had been no other course. . . . " *ibid.*, p. 8.

31. See *ibid.*, p. 9.

32. Ilahi Bakhsh's version is as follows: ". . . . Downstairs in the drawing room I met the Prime Minister, who had come to Ziarat that day with Mr. Muhammad Ali to see the Quaid-e-Azam. He anxiously enquired about the Quaid-e-Azam, complimented me on having won the first round by securing the patient's confidence, and expressed the hope that it would contribute to his recovery. He also urged me to probe into the

Another version of the above abstract (given by Mrs. Rafia Shareef in her article on Miss Jinnah in *Freedom*, Karachi, 4 March 1949) is as follows: "During all these years of worry and hard work my sister was like a bright ray of light and hope, whenever I came back home and met her. Anxieties would have been much greater and my health much worse but for the restraint imposed by her. She never grudged – she never grumbled. Let me reveal to you something that you probably do not know. There was a time when we were face to face with a great revolution. We were ready and prepared to face bullets and even death. She never said a word but on the contrary she encouraged me. For solid ten years she stood by me and sustained me."

15. It should be read as Wagah border since Wagah, and not Khokrapar, is near Lahore.

16. *Speeches as G.G.*, pp. 29-30.
17. *Ibid.*, pp.30–31.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 114.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 120.
20. *Ibid.*, pp. 126–28.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 137.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 152.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 153.
24. *Ibid.*, pp. 154–155.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 158.
26. *Ibid.*, pp. 159–61.
27. Ilahi Bakhsh's version of his interview with Jinnah is as follows: "There is nothing much wrong with me," he told me, "except that I have got stomach trouble and exhaustion due to overwork and worry. For forty years I have worked for 14 hours a day, never knowing what disease was. However, for the last few years I have been having annual attacks of fever and cough. My doctors in Bombay regarded these as attacks of bronchitis, and with the usual treatment and rest in bed, I generally recovered within a week or so. For the last year or two, however, they have increased both in frequency and severity and are much more exhausting.

"About three weeks ago I caught a chill and developed fever and a cough for which the Civil Surgeon of Quetta prescribed penicillin lozenges. I have been taking these since; my cold is better, the fever is less, but I feel very weak. I don't think there is anything organically wrong with me. The phelgm which I bring up is probably coming from my stomach and if my stomach can be put right I will recover soon. Many years ago I had a rather bad stomach trouble for which I

CHAPTER TWO

# From Kathiawar to Karachi

WITH the dawn of the second half of the nineteenth century, the sun of British Raj in India was inexorably climbing towards its meridian. The foreigners who had started their life on this subcontinent as merchants, seeking concessions, begging for friendly and favourable treatment, had ended by becoming rulers of this country, setting up an empire that became the most dazzling jewel in the Imperial Crown. On the surface was the calm that precedes a storm. The alien rulers believed their civilizing mission had sobered the fiery temper of the disgruntled and that *pax Britannica* had cooled down the smouldering cinders of 'native' revolt and defiance. The subterranean rumblings of hatred against foreign rule escaped their notice, until in the year 1857 a calculated spark ignited a mighty flame of rebellion that spread far and wide, and its enactment came to be recorded as the first chapter in the book of India's long and tortuous struggle for freedom from foreign domination. It was a stormy period of our history; many of our patriots lost their lives on the battlefields, and they came to be looked upon as martyrs in the cause of our country's freedom. It left a lasting impact on the minds of our people

root cause of the persistent disease. I assured him that despite the Quaid-e-Azam's serious condition there was reason to hope that if he responded to the latest medicines which had been sent for from Karachi he might yet overcome the trouble, and that the most hopeful feature was the patient's strong power of resistance. I was moved by the Prime Minister's deep concern for the health of his Chief and old comrade." *Ibid.*, p. 11.

33. *Speeches as G.G.*, pp. 162—63.

34. See also Ilahi Bakhsh, *op. cit.*, pp. 14—15.

35. Ilahi Bakhsh's version is as follows: "Yes I am glad you have brought me here. I was caught in at Ziarat". *Ibid.*, p. 19.

36. See also *ibid.*, p. 25.

37. See also *ibid.*, p. 26.

38. Eid-ul-Fitr fell on 7 August that year. The error may be due to the fact that *Quaid-e-Azam Speaks* (Karachi: Pak. Publicity, 1950?) had erroneously placed the Eid message on 27 August 1948, and following this work, later publications have repeated this error. Miss Jinnah and Mr. Allana must have obviously consulted one of these works.

39. *Speeches As G.G.*, p. 166.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 165.

41. *Ibid.*, p. 166.

42. Because of the error pointed out in note 38 above, Jinnah's Independence Day message on 14 August 1948 represented his last recorded words.

and there had lived and died his forefathers. My grandfather was one of the few citizens of Paneli, who was not an agriculturist. He owned a few handlooms, on which he worked long and tiring hours and with the help of a few hired hands he produced coarse hand-woven cotton cloth, by the sale of which he made enough money to entitle his family to be ranked among the well-to-do families of that small village.

He had three sons, Valji, Nathoo and Jinnah, the last named being his youngest son and a daughter, Manbai. Jinnah was more dynamic and more ambitious than his two elder brothers, and he was born around 1857, the historic year of the first Indian rebellion. To his youthful and ambitious mind, Paneli appeared not only a sluggish and sleepy village, but also a place where life revolved round the gossip of the village bazar and the village well. He had heard that Gondal was a big city, where life was brisk and business was big. What could he do in Paneli? The prospect of working with his two brothers on the family handlooms did not attract him. That was too small a venture. His eyes were set on the big city, where the spirit of adventure beckoned him.

His father gave him little cash but much advice that before he invested his money in any business he should make a thorough study as to which would be the best business to enter. Having an analytical and cautious mind and a meagre purse, my father was not a man to rush into a venture in a hurry. It did not take him long to find a few profitable lines in which he could do quick buying and selling. His flair for business and hard work soon helped him to make sufficient profits, enabling him to add substantially to the original capital. When he returned from Gondal to Paneli after some months, his father was happy to find that his son had made good in a big city. Believing as they did in the old traditional values of life, they were afraid that temp-

practically all over India.

There were, however, some parts that continued their placid life, unconcerned about the political conflagration that raged all around them. Gondal, a princely State in Kathiawar in the Bombay Presidency, was one such spot; the Thakur Saheb of Gondal, in return for his unstinted loyalty to the British Crown, continued to rule in all his splendour over his subjects. It paid him to keep the shadow of revolt against the British out of his State, lest it should darken the glamour and glitter of his own undisputed sway over his people. Under the protecting umbrella of the Thakur Saheb, the people of Gondal State went about their daily round of life, undisturbed by the political upsurge that had engulfed India.

Agriculture was the mainstay of Gondal's economy; the main crop being cotton, wheat, jowar and bajri. Among the agricultural produce of Gondal, the one that gave Gondal a special reputation was chillies, and even to this day Gondal chillies are famous. This may explain the reason why in our house, in the earliest days that I can remember, our dishes always contained plentiful sprinkling of chillies, and those of us that found the food not strong enough to our taste, could add an additional dosage from a plate that was always on the table containing a handful supply of chillies.

Gondal, being the capital, was the biggest town in the state; but by far and large the people of this principality lived in countless villages, leading a simple but contented life. Theirs was a narrow world, whose horizons remained confined within the geographical boundaries of their State.

Paneli was one such village, which had a population of less than one thousand, around the time the 1857 rebellion was sowing the seeds of organized political opposition to the British rule in India. In this little village lived my grandfather, Poonja,

should migrate to Bombay or to Karachi, leaving Gondal behind for good. While greater chances of business in Bombay tempted his mind, destiny made a decision for him, a decision which resulted in my father and mother migrating from Kathiawar to Karachi.

He had never seen a city as big as Karachi, although at that time all that it could boast of was Khadda, where sailing boats daily brought big catch of fish to be dried in the open spaces under the sun and to be stocked in fish-godowns that littered the coast line; Kharadar which, as its name implies, was a cluster of houses, where the saltish waters of the Arabian Sea wriggled themselves on streets, lanes and by-lanes; Mithadar, where the sweet waters of Lyari and Malir rivers could be obtained by digging knee-deep wells; and Saddar, where British troops had their Cantonment and barracks. My father rented a modest two room apartment on Newnham Road in Kharadar, a locality which was the business heart of the city. Here lived numerous business families, some of them having come from Gujrat and Kathiawar.

The building was of stone masonary and lime mortar; its roof and floorings being of wooden planks. The apartment taken by my father was on the first floor, where a spacious wooden and iron balcony projected above the pavement, providing a cool and airy place for sitting during the day and to spread a *charpoy* to sleep at night. The balcony and the rooms faced West, which is the best direction in Karachi to face in order to ensure a full blast of cool sea breeze practically throughout the year.

The young Mr. Jinnah at first found it difficult to hit upon a trade that offered an easy opening to set up a lucrative business. He tried his hand at different businesses by turns, and steadily went on adding to his modest pile. He seemed to have the

tations in Gondal might allure their youthful son and distract his mind from a lucrative business that he had succeeded in establishing in such a short time. Moreover they were getting on in years; their other two sons and daughter had been married, the only parental responsibility that remained was to get their youngest son married to a good girl, from a decent family of their own Ismaili Khoja community.

They began to search for a suitable match for him, being eager to get him married before he left Paneli to settle down permanently to a new life in Gondal. Their search took them outside Paneli, and in Dhaffa, a village about 10 miles from Paneli, they decided Mithibai, a girl from a respectable family, would be a suitable spouse for their youngest son. The parents of the girl were approached through a matchmaker, and they agreed to give their blessings to the proposed match. And thus my father, Jinnah, and my mother, Mithibai, came to be married in Dhaffa around 1874.

The business of my father prospered, and he seemed to have an assured future. Urge for hard work and ambition to do bigger and bigger business, however, flowed in his veins. He believed in putting his shoulder to the wheel, in order to go forward on whatever path he chose to tread. Indolence and complacency he considered as hinderances; consecration to duty and long and laborious toil were the price one must willingly pay in order to succeed in life. He considered Gondal too small a place for his soaring dreams and ambitions.

He heard of that big city, Bombay, which was bursting with prosperity, where enormous fortunes were being amassed by big business families. He also heard encouraging reports of a lesser city, Karachi, which had during the last few years developed into an important seaport and a flourishing centre of trade. He began to ponder in his mind whether he

ken Persian, and I found him speak that language quite fluently. Being from Kathiawar, the language spoken in our house was Gujrati, but after settling down in Karachi, the members of our family became quite at home with Cutchi and Sindhi also.

With business contacts established with Grahams Trading Co., my father started doing business in isinglass and gumarabic, in addition to his various other business interests. He had by now business relations with a number of countries, in particular with England and Hongkong. As correspondence with these countries had to be carried on in English, my father taught himself to read and write English.

In those days some of the merchants of Kharadar acted not only as businessmen, but also as bankers. The entire trade of the hinterland of Sind, Baluchistan and the Punjab passed through the port of Karachi and, in the absence of adequate banking facilities, monetary transactions and transfers were usually conducted with the assistance of these firms. Many families deposited on trust their private savings with those merchants, using their offices as we use banks in our times. Of course, all the modern paraphernalia that goes with modern banking did not exist then, but these merchants were scrupulously honest, and their word was as good as a bond. Jinnah Poonja and Co., my father's firm, was one such concern, doing a big and flourishing trade, and enjoying the trust and confidence of the people and of the business community.

My mother was now with child, and father devoted all his attention and care on his young wife; both excited at the expected happy event. There was hardly any maternity home worth the name in Karachi, and the few good midwives that had established their reputation in their profession, were in great demand. Anti-natal treatment and care were unknown, and it was only at the time of actual delivery that the midwife was summoned to the house. Being a rich locality, there lived in

golden touch; whatever business he handled, it brought to him rich dividends. There were at that time in Karachi a few British firms, which exported the produce of Karachi and the hinterland to Europe and the Far East, and imported consumer goods from England. Grahams Trading Co. was one such firm, and it was one of the leading import and export houses in Karachi. Although my father had not had regular education at school in English, his diligence and natural aptitude had enabled him to be fairly conversant with the English language. This was then considered as quite an accomplishment, few of the merchants in Karachi being able to converse in English. It is likely that it was his ability to speak English that brought him close to the General Manager of Grahams Trading Co., and this proved to be a great blessing for the rapid expansion of his business.

Many years later, when our family came to be settled in Ratnagiri for a short while, my father would collect me and my two sisters at night and teach us to read and write English. He was a strict disciplinarian, and we had to behave in his presence during that tuition hour as if we were at school in our class-room. In our childish eyes father appeared a big man, one who could speak English so well. We envied him for it, and how we wished we could speak English as well as he did. Sometimes when we three sisters met and were in a playful mood, we would imitate father's English. One of us would say to the other, "Ish, Phish, Ish, Phish, Yes"; and the other would reply, "Ish, Phish, Ish, Phish, No." We took this game so seriously, feigning we were at last on the threshold of learning English, if we had not already mastered that language.

In those days many Afghans from Kandhar came to Karachi for business, and my father had extensive business dealings with them also. It was by constant conversation with them over so many years that he had been able to make himself conversant with spo-

intuition made her believe that a great future awaited her Mohammad Ali and she wanted to take him to Hassan Pir's *durgah*, where in the traditional manner of those days his head would be shaved ceremoniously and the mother would make a wish, invoking the blessings of the saintly Pir for its fulfilment. At first my father tried to get himself excused, saying he could ill-afford to be away from Karachi for over a month, but his obduracy melted in the warmth of his young wife's pleadings. And so, with their baby boy, a few months old, the father and mother booked seats by a sail-boat that would carry them from Karachi to Verawal, a port in Kathiawar, braving the rain and winds that might be encountered on the voyage.

The frail boat with a plentiful load of passengers ran into a storm and tossed about like a plank of wood in mid-ocean. There was concern and anxiety among the people on board, and panic under such conditions is always infectious. While my father looked at the skies above, wondering when the storm would blow over, giving the boat a calm passage, my mother held her little boy close to her heart praying for the safety of her fellow-voyagers among whom was her darling, Mohammad Ali. After the storm a strange calm descended on the ocean, and the boat sailed on merrily to its destination. Days later my mother told father that in those anxious moments she had made a vow that if they reached their destination without mishap, she would stay a day longer in Ganod, praying and thanking God for His mercy at the shrine of Hassan Pir.

When the boat put anchor at Verawal port, and they had set foot on *terra firma*, they hired a bullock cart to take them to Ganod, a distance of a few miles. So after a stormy voyage across the Arabian Sea and after a jerky jolty bullock cart journey, my baby brother, Mohammad Ali, sat in the arms of my mother, surrounded by our numerous relatives,

Kharadar a midwife who was considered to be among the best in the city, whom mother engaged in advance, and it was her hands, trained in the medical college of every day experience, that brought into the world my mother's first child, a boy; the day was a Sunday, and the date was 25th of December in the year 1876.

The baby boy was weak and tiny, having slim, long hands, and a long, elongated head. The parents were seriously worried about his health, this little baby that was underweight by quite a few pounds. They had him examined by a doctor, who said that, except for his weak appearance, there was nothing physically or organically wrong with him and that his health should give the parents no cause for concern. But a doctor's reassurance can scarcely set at rest a loving mother's fears and anxieties.

There arose the question of naming the child. So far, living in Kathiawar, names of the male members of our family had been so much akin to Hindu names. But Sind was a Muslim province,[1] and the children of their neighbours had Muslims names. The two were agreed that Mohammad Ali would be an auspicious name for their first born, and this was the name they gave him.

My mother was intensely fond of Mohammad Ali, and inspite of the fact that six other children were born to her, she continued to the end of her life to look upon Mohammad Ali as her favourite child. Rahemat, Maryam, Ahmed Ali, Shireen, Fatima, and Bundeh Ali were to be her other children, in all, three sons and four daughters.

Cares of a flourishing business weighed heavily on my father's shoulders, but my mother insisted that the two take Mohammad Ali to the *durgah* of Hassan Pir in Ganod, ten miles from our village, Paneli, for the *aqiqa* ceremony. As a child, my mother had heard miraculous tales concerning devotees that believed in the supernatural powers of this Pir, who was buried at that *durgah*. Her mother's

breeding of cows.

As some of the Rabaris came early morning on the banks of Bhadhar River, they found the dead body of Hassan Pir that had been washed on to the shores by the receding waters of the river. They at once recognised the saintly person, whose reputation had spread beyond the geographical boundaries of Paneli village. A conference of their elders, seeing that chance had gifted the dead body of the saint to them, decided to accord him a solemn and befitting burial and to build a mausoleum over it, believing that his *durgah* would bring prosperity to their village.

And so it was that Hassan Pir came to be buried in Ganod. Lapse of many years has not dampened the devotional enthusiasm of the people of Gondal State and even to this day every year there is an *Urs* (anniversary celebrations) of the saint at his *durgah* where both Hindu and Muslim devotees gather.[2]

After the *aqiqa* ceremony at Hassan Pir's *durgah*, my father and mother took their bald little boy to their native village, Paneli, making the journey again by bullockcart. My father's boyhood friends and relations had heard glowing tales of his financial success in Karachi, and success adorned him with a dimension that inspired respect in the eyes of his village community. My mother decided to celebrate the birth of her darling son by arranging a feast, inviting the entire village population to join in a community dinner. In the days when I was still a child, I heard from my elders, "On that day in Paneli not a single family had lit fire in their homes; their cooking utensils and eating plates sat on the kitchen shelves, as if relaxing in their resting places in celebration of the arrival of tiny little Mohammad Ali, the son of a villager of Paneli".

After staying in Paneli and Gondal for a few weeks, my father and mother made the journey back to Karachi, with their baby boy, whose little mind could not comprehend that his arrival in Ganod and Paneli had been the occasion of so much festivity

ready to have his head shaved at the *durgah* of Hassan Pir, in fulfilment of the vow made by my mother.

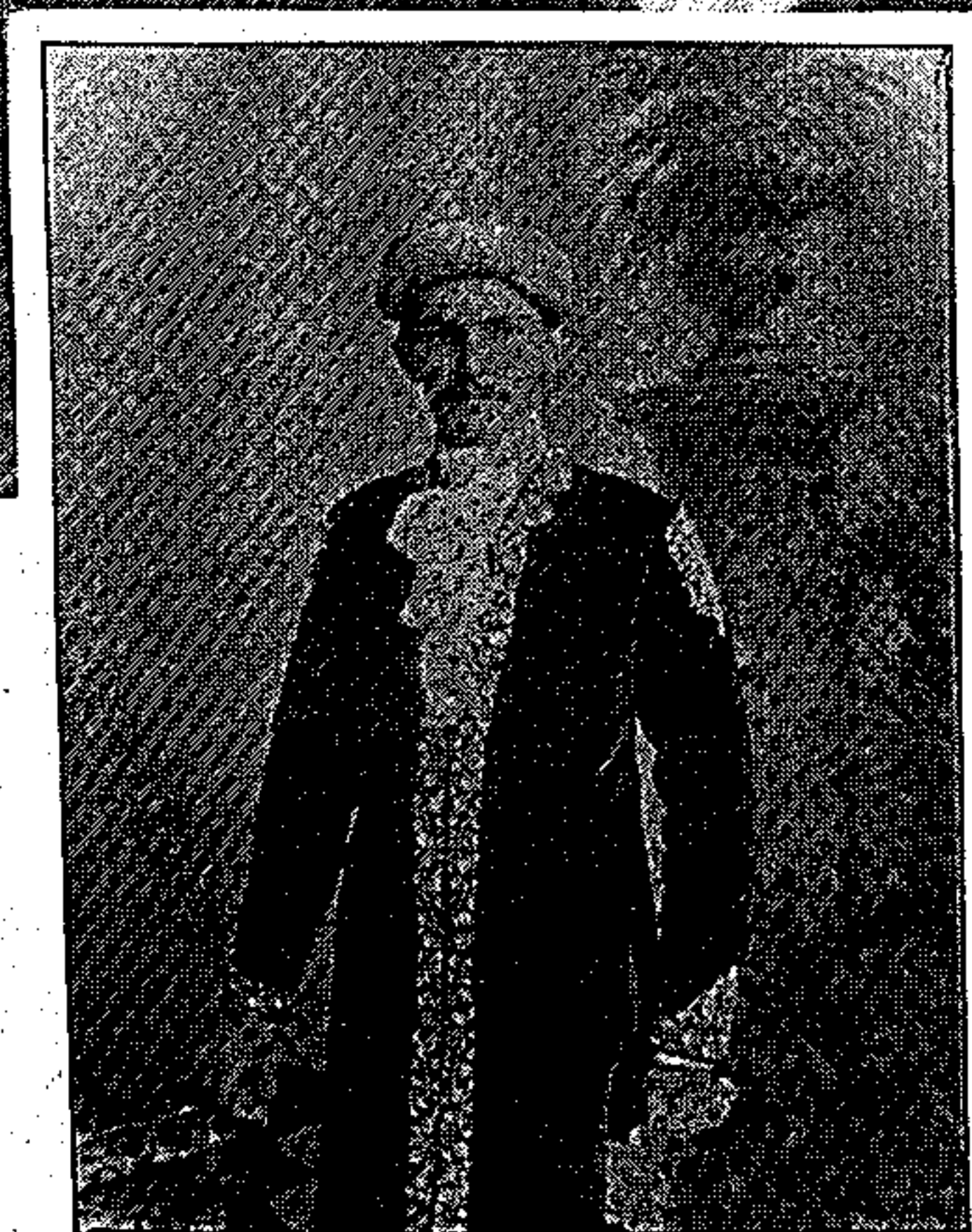
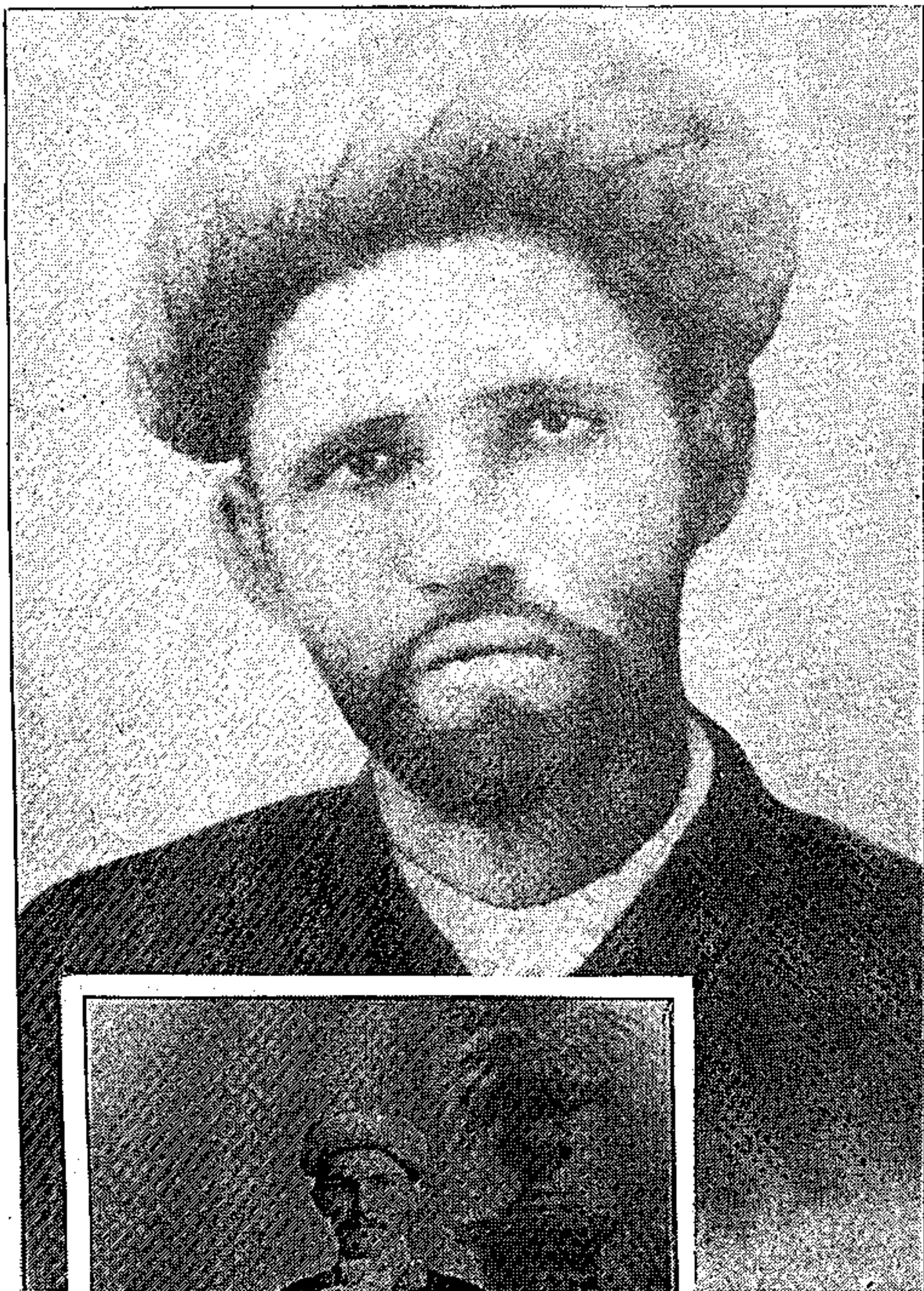
The facts about the life of Hassan Pir are so intricately mixed-up with legend that it is not possible to extricate the one from the other. However, it is established that the Pir came from Iran as an Ismaili missionary, through the overland route from Baluchistan and for a while lived in Multan. His saintly and exemplary life won him an admiring following, and many non-Muslims accepted Islam at his hands. The wandering missionary then trekked into Sind, continuing his missionary work, crossed into Cutch, and finally came to a place near Paneli, where he pitched his tent and devoted all his time propagating [preaching] Islam among the non-Muslims of that area.

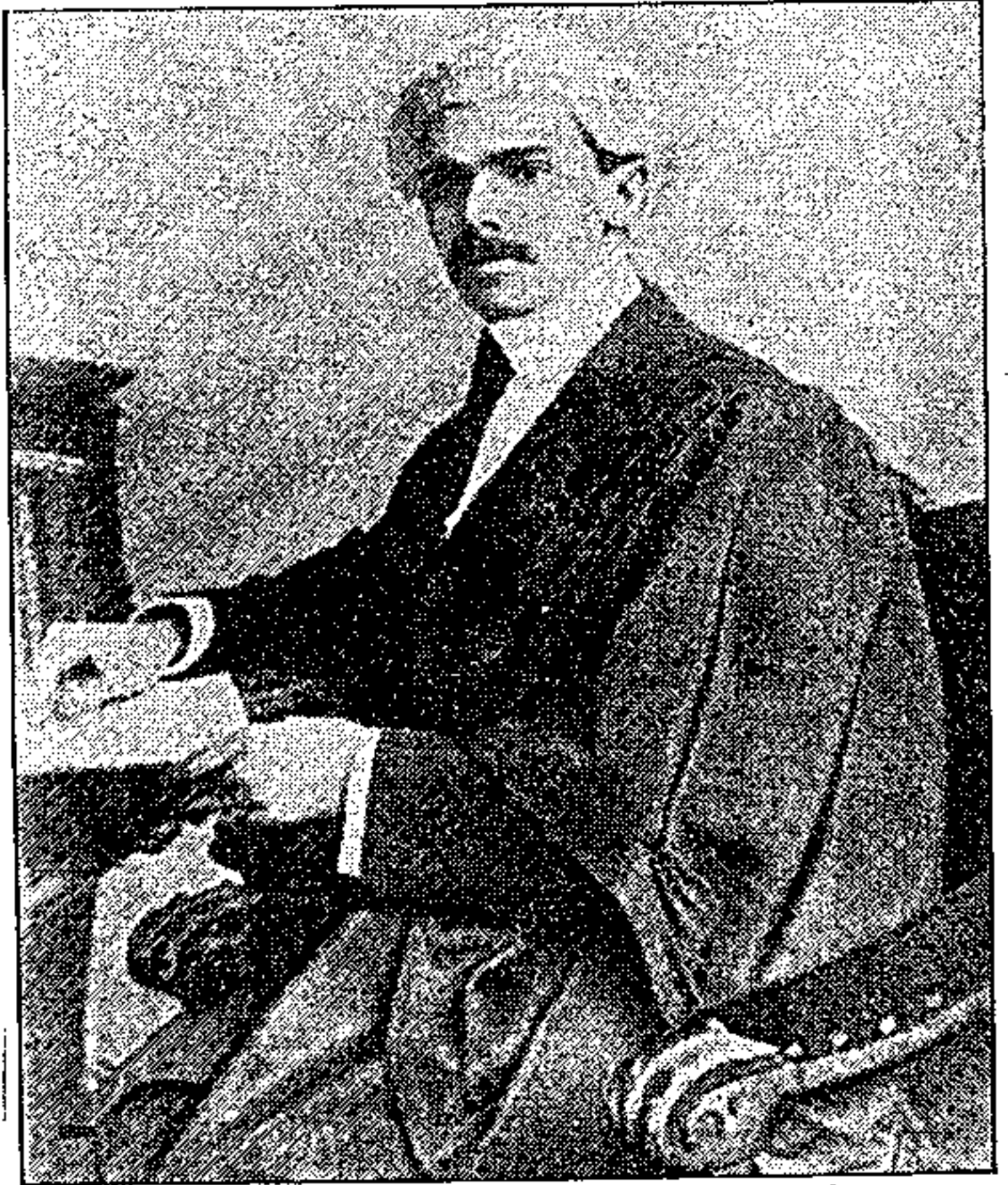
Legend has it that he had supernatural powers; many are the stories that are attributed to him, and this is the usual image that is woven round such figures, whose authentic life and work cannot be vouchsafed on historical and documentary evidence.

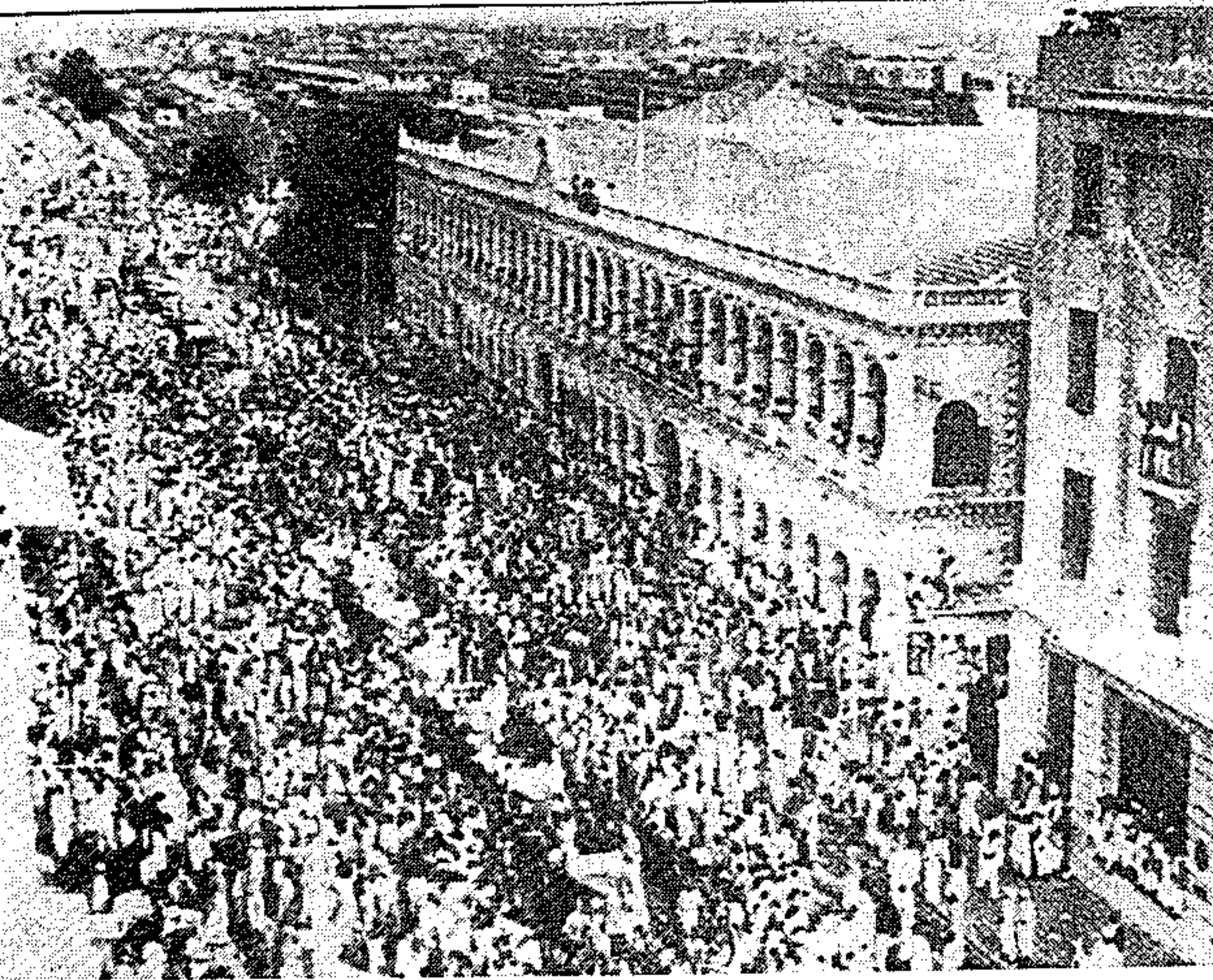
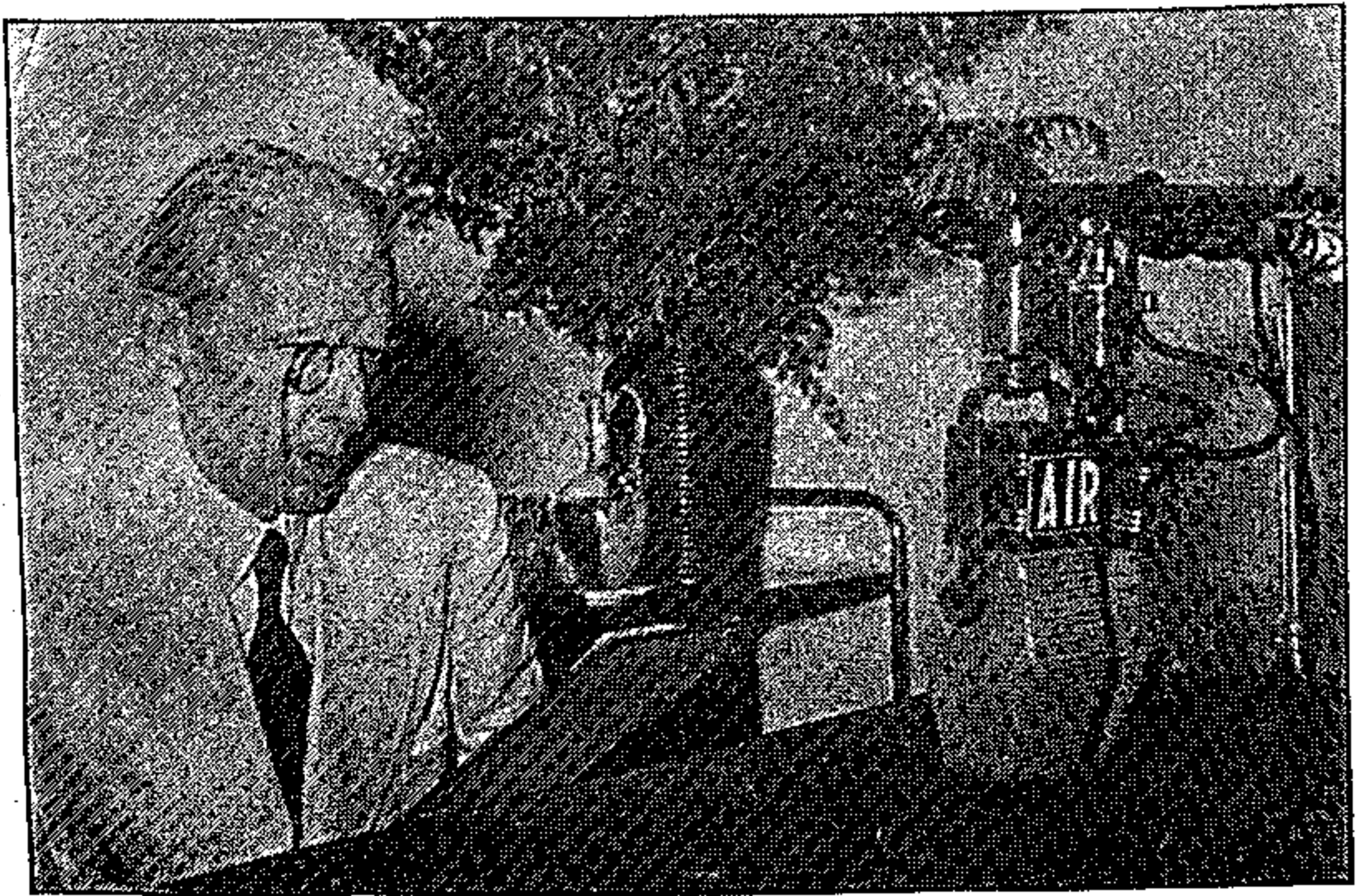
Hassan Pir is said to have followed in the foot-steps of those Muslim *sufis*, who devote their days to the teaching of the Quran and the message of Islam and their nights on the mystic shores of meditation. It was his practice to sleep early, to wake up around two in the morning and to sit in meditation outside his tent on the bank of Bhadhar River, until he had said his morning prayers. One night as he sat lost in communion with the Unknown, a huge tidal wave lashed the banks of the river, penetrating far beyond the precarious embarkments. The sudden onrush of the river waters dragged Hassan Pir, who was lost in meditation, into mid-river, and death by drowning ended his earthly life. His corpse floated leisurely under the cover of darkness from Paneli to the banks of the river near a village called Ganod, where majority of the people were non-Muslims of the Rabari caste, their ancestral occupation being

and celebration. They were back in Karachi, and my father got absorbed in his business preoccupations, while my mother gave all her time and attention to her new born baby.

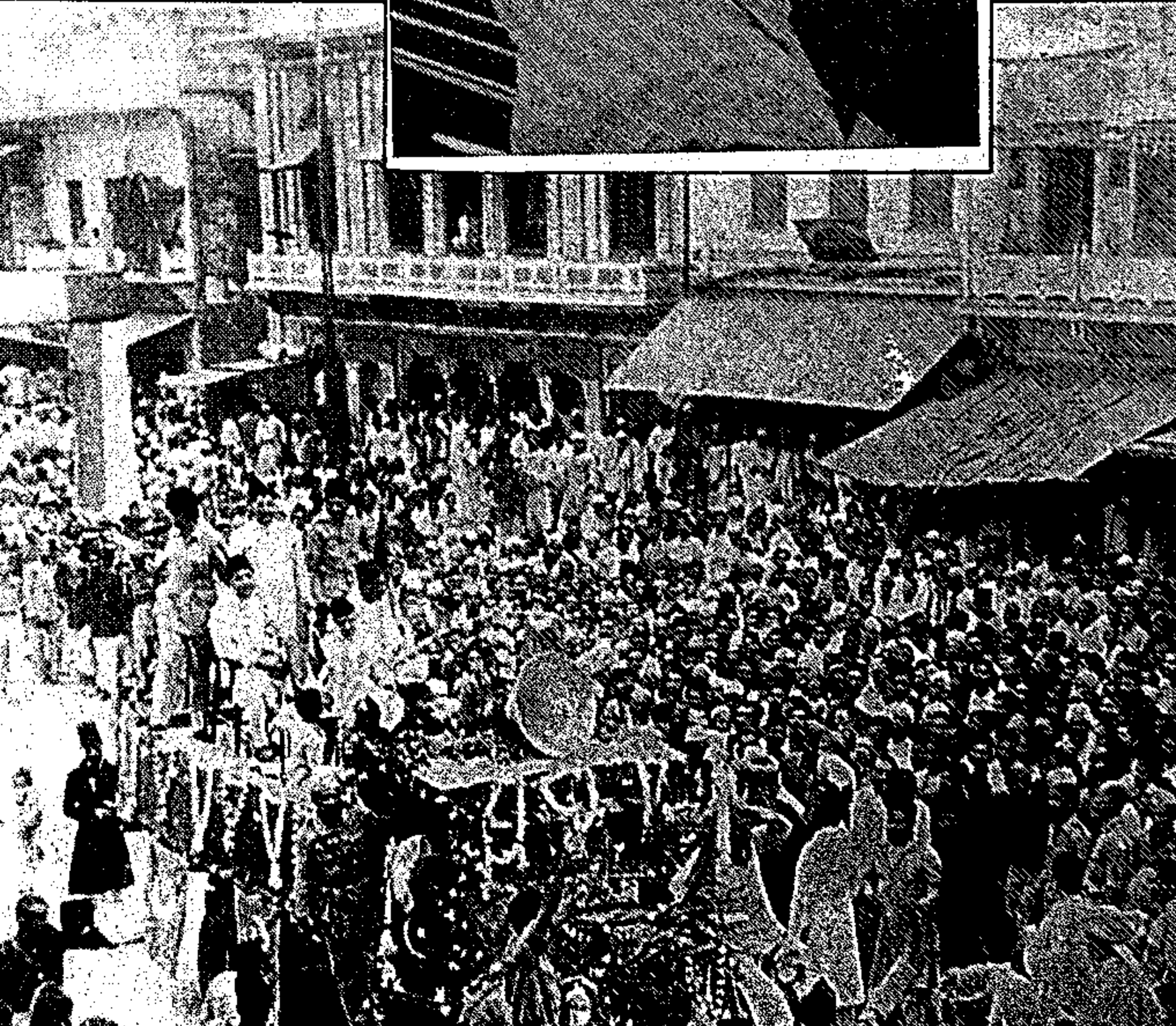
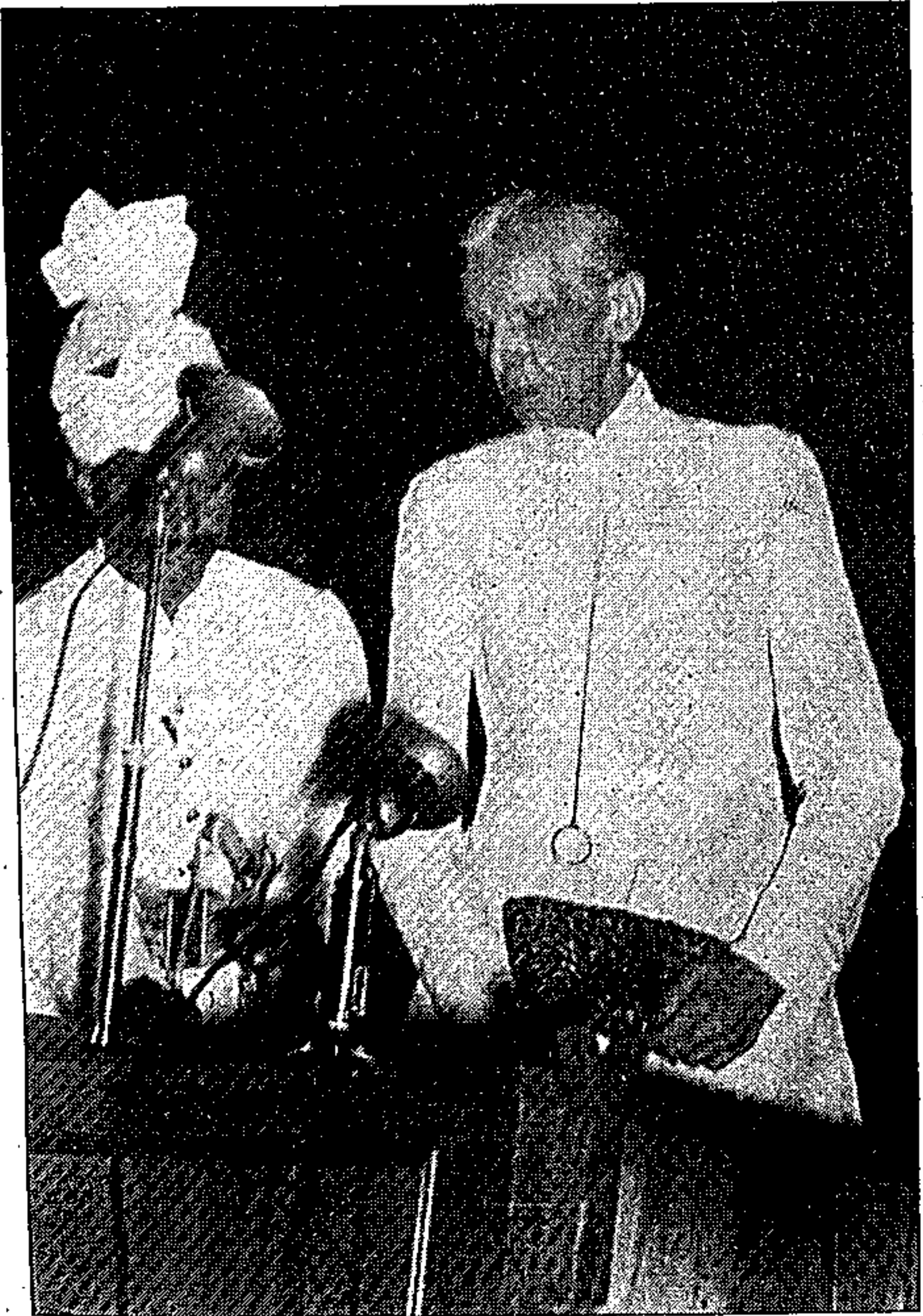
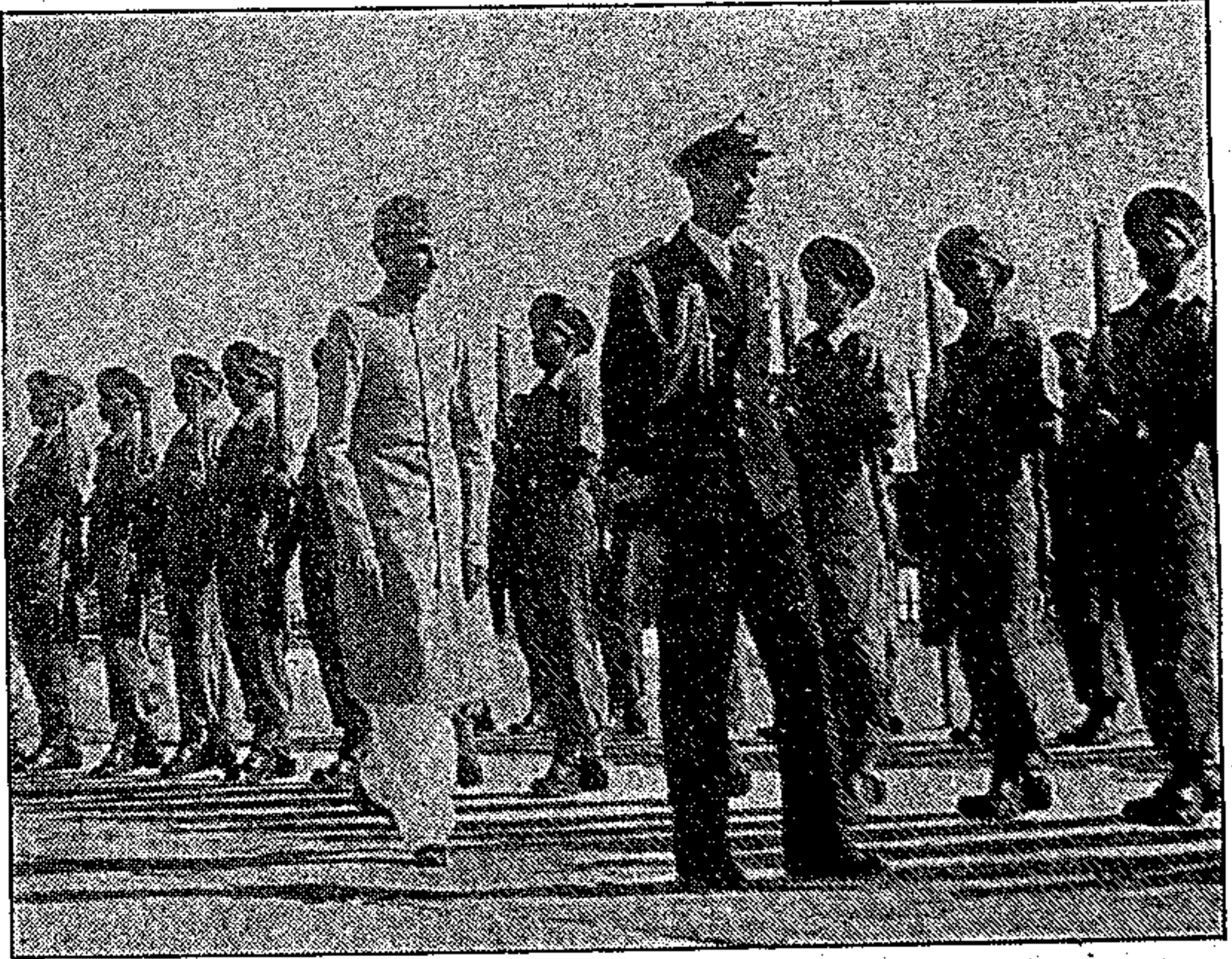
Inspite of the occasional outbursts of extravagance, particularly when my mother so desired, my father was frugal in his living and careful with his money. A businessman, who was struggling to establish and expand his business in a new city, had to be careful with his pennies. The family lived a simple life, what they lacked in ostentatiousness being made up by the warmth of a happy family life. So that although my father had quite a flourishing business, the habit of not spending money unnecessarily persisted. Fortune is a capricious deity; it may smile on you today, but who knows what will be her mood tomorrow. It was on this principle that my father ran his family budget. This had a lasting impression on our minds as we grew up, and this was a trait in the Quaid-e-Azam's character that lasted throughout his life.

Mohammad Ali was now about six years old, and my parents engaged a teacher to teach him Gujrati at home. They thought he was still too young to be sent to school, and the nearest school was at quite a distance from our house, a distance which they thought was too much to be covered on foot by a boy of six. He was indifferent to the reading lessons that he was made to do, but positively loathed to enter the realm of addition and subtraction, passing his hour with his tutor as an unwarranted infliction. He was more at home when he was playing with the boys of his age in the neighbourhood, among whom he established reputation as being proficient at games. They in their childish minds looked upon him as their leader, and he intuitively felt that he was their superior. However, when he was about nine, he was put in a primary school, where he had to compete with his classmates at the time of examination.

Father and son both in tradition-al costume

35 Russell Road, London, where Jinnah stayed during his student days

*Right:* Jinnah while a magistrate, c. 1900. *Below:* In his library, early 1940s

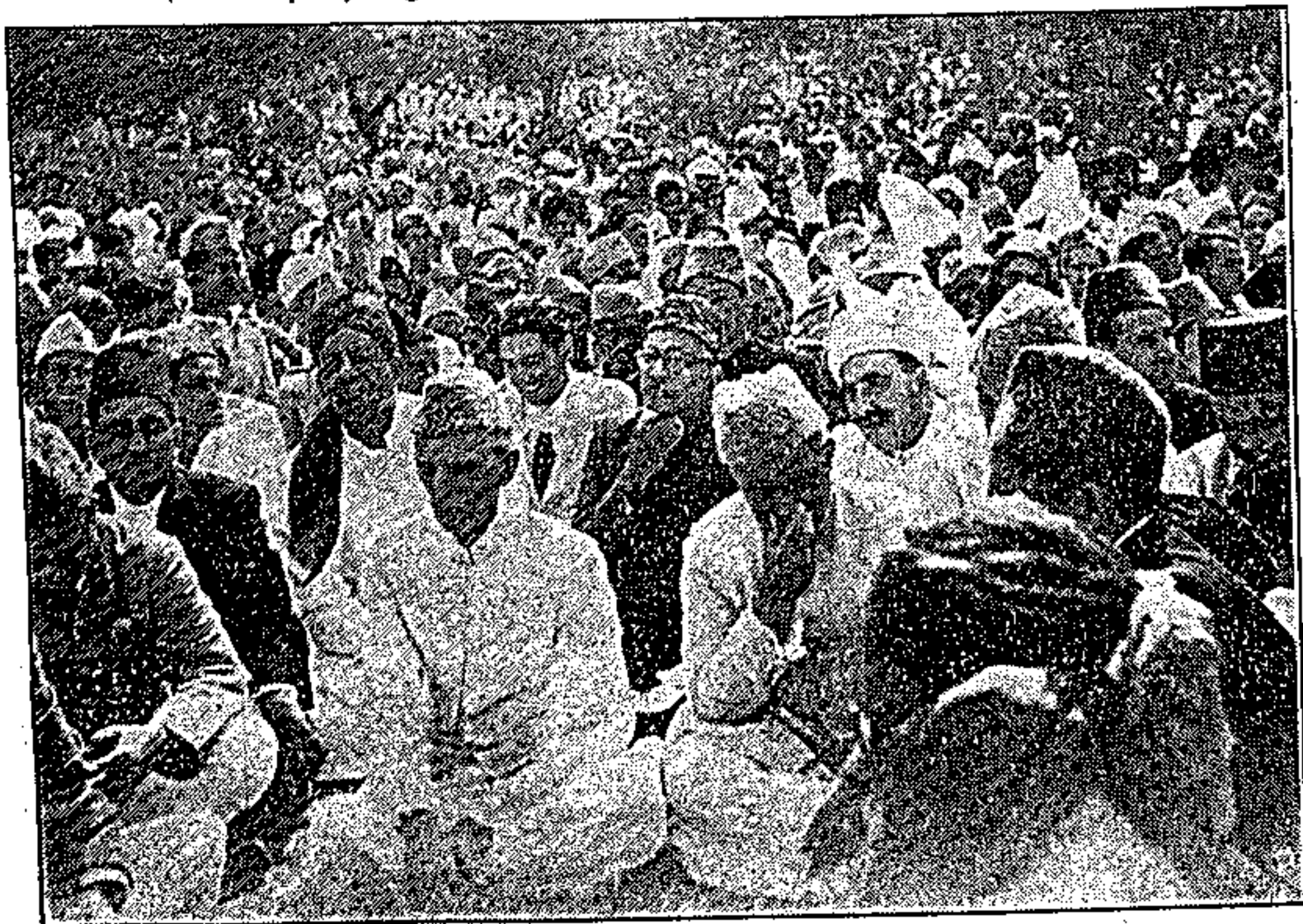
Two portraits of Jinnah, while he was in his thirties

Procession at Karachi, 1943

Broadcasting acceptance of Partition Plan, 3 June 1947

*Right:* Arriving at "Jinnahabad", Madras, to preside over League's session, 1941.

*Below.* Procession at Allahabad, 1942.

In the Constituent Assembly before delivering his presidential address, 11 August 1947

Inspecting a Guard of Honour with Mountbatten, 14 August 1947

With the Mountbattens on the steps of the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan

At Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah's dinner, 9 August 1947

At the prayer ground on Eid-ul-Fitr day, 18 August 1947

*Left:* Taking the oath of office as Governor-General

*Below:* Taking the salute, 15 August 1947

The Residency at Ziarat where Miss Jinnah tended him by day and by night

*Above:* Reception at Peshawar, April 1948. *Below:* Being presented with a purse of Rs. 225,000 on behalf of the people of Chittagong for the Quaid-i-Azam's Relief Fund, 26 March 1948

He was disappointed to find that other boys defeated him, securing more marks than he did. He, who had always looked upon himself as superior to other boys at play, found that he could not be the first in his class. On the one hand, he had to abandon his play for so many hours a day to attend school, and on the other hand these hours at school did not yield to him the honour of being the topmost pupil. He developed a childish aversion for books and school, to the horror of my father, who was anxious to give his son a sound education in order to enable him to join his own business after he had passed his matriculation examination. My mother, who had a blind faith in the destiny of her son, frequently saying, "My Mohammad Ali is going to be a big man; he will be very clever; better than the other boys", found her dreams tumbling down to the ground.

Mother cajoled him to be regular at school and to give serious attention to his studies, saying that way alone he would rise in life and be a big man, standing head and shoulders above the others. Inspite of grave provocation, father was patient with him, asking him why it was that he did not devote sufficient time to his books. "Father", said little Mohammad Ali, "I don't like to go to school."

"What would you like to do, then?"

"Father, I would like to sit with you in office, and learn to do business."

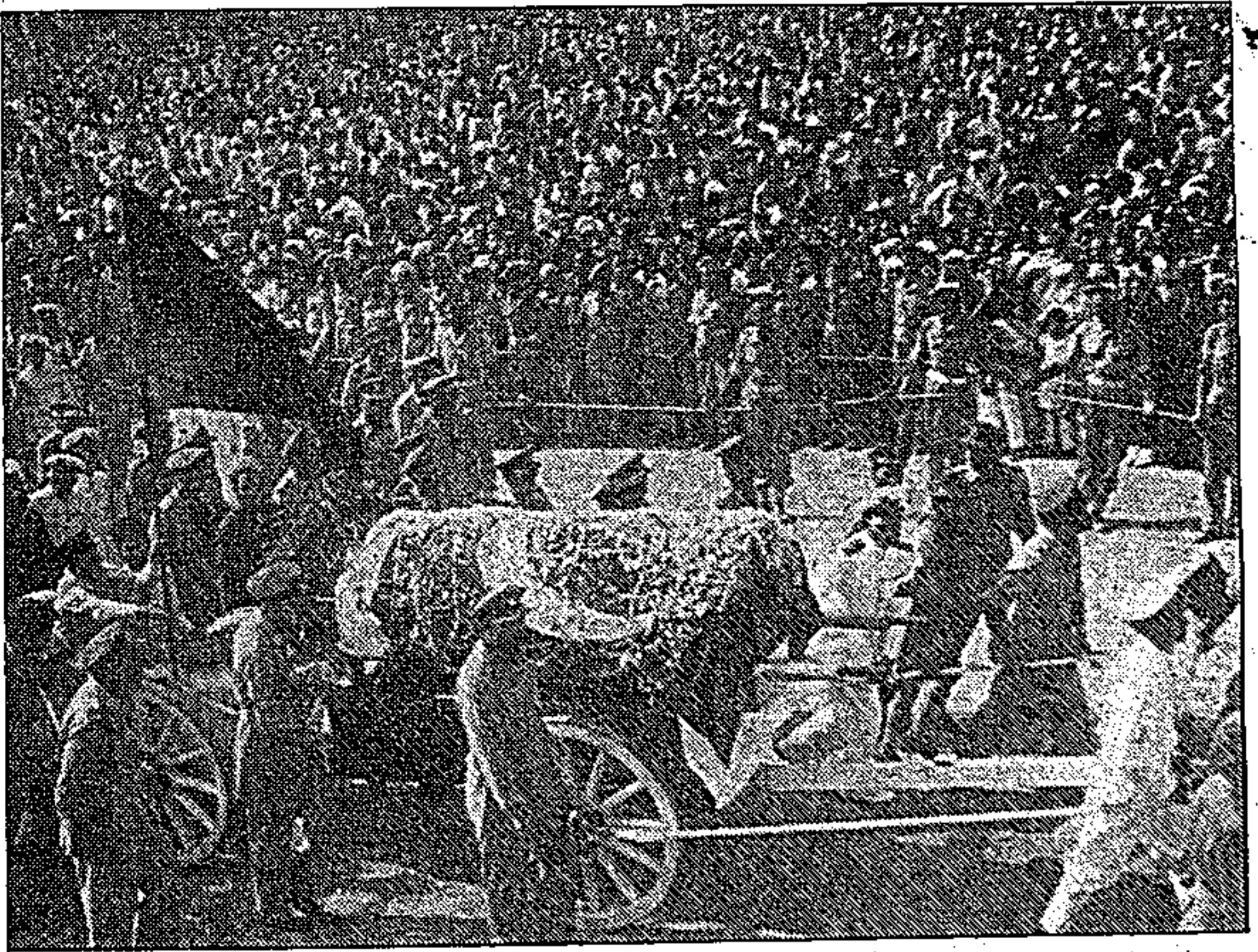
"But you are too young for that, Mohammad Ali."

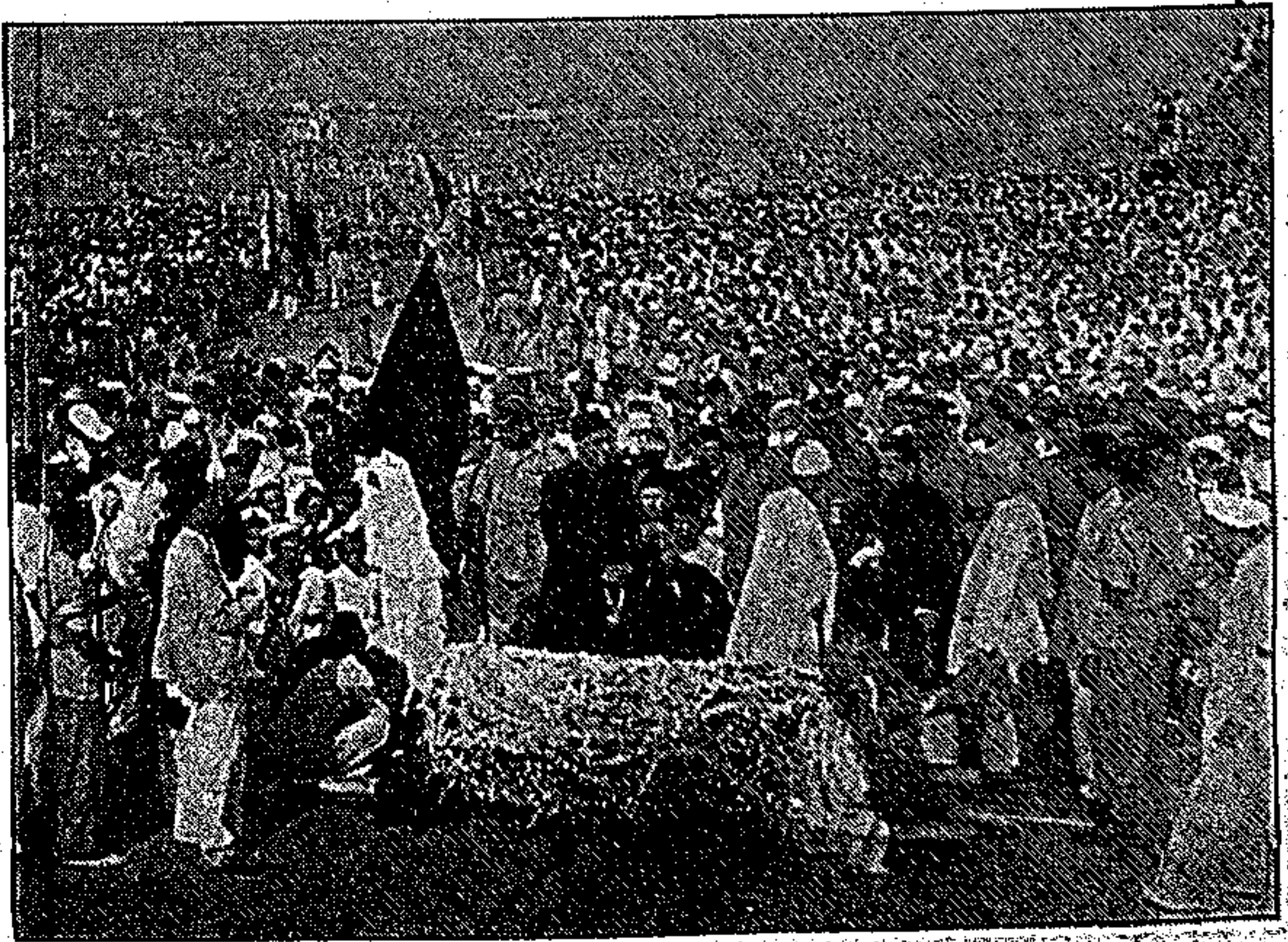
"I would do better in your office than at school."

My father was a tactful person, and he tried to tempt him, saying, "Mohammad Ali, in my office there is strict discipline. You will have to go with me to office early in the morning at eight, return for lunch from two to four, and then again to office from four to nine in the night."

"I will do that, father."

"But that will give you no time at all for play."

"I don't mind."

The last journey

The Janaza at the burial ground

lost time, as boys of his age and even younger than him had gone ahead of him. He took to his lessons with a vengeance, studying into the late hours of the night at home, [and] determined to forge ahead. My father was very happy to see Mohammad Ali take seriously to his studies. One day he encountered his boy's class teacher on the road and asked him how his son was faring at the school. The teacher said, "He is coming up. But I must tell you the boy is horrible in arithmetic."

This completely disappointed my father, who already knew that his son was not a child prodigy, as the boy's mother fondly believed, nor would his son prove to be a precocious young man. He had already failed to impress his tutors as a pupil of great promise; they thought that with hard work he would manage to pass his examinations, possibly to be devoured in the anonymous ranks of office-clerks. But my father wanted him to be good at mathematics, as accounts were the back-bone of business, and he wanted the firm of Jinnah Poonja & Co. to keep on forging ahead as a going concern, when his son took over business from him. "Poor at mathematics", my father mused. "I wonder what the boy will be!"

But my mother's faith in Mohammad Ali was not to be shaken. She said, "You wait. My Mohammad Ali will do well, and many people will be jealous of him."

My father decided he should be guided by what appeared to him to be in the best interest of my brother, rather than by the intuition of his wife. He thought it better to put him in a school far from their house, as his classmates in the primary school at Kharadar had a disturbing influence on his attendance at school, tempting him always to abandon books for marbles, tops, *gilli danda* and cricket. Sind Madrasah-tul-Islam, a high school about a mile from our house on Newnham Road, the only one that Muslims of Sind could boast of, founded

And so young Mohammad Ali, after oscillating in the borderland between his father's office and the class-room, started going with my father to office. He soon found he could not do anything in office. Everything depended on reading and writing, monies received and paid had to be entered into account-books; and he did not know either to read or write or to keep accounts. All that he could do in the office was to do little odds and ends of jobs, which were not to his liking. And then decisions for buying, selling and regarding other important matters were done by his father with the assistance of his business executives. No body bothered to consult him or to obtain his approval. The most irksome disadvantage was that he was absolutely cut away from his games, which had such fascination for him.

Within about two months, he was fed up with office work, and he one day surprised my father, "Father, I don't like office work".

"What would you do then, Mohammad Ali?"

"I would like to go back to school."

My father was very happy, but he tried to conceal his pleasure by maintaining an unruffled appearance. "You see, my boy", he said, "there are only two ways of learning in life."

"What are they, father."

"One is to trust the wisdom of your elders and their superior knowledge; to accept their advice; and to do exactly as they suggest."

"And what is the other way, father?"

"The other way is to go your own way, and to learn by making mistakes; to learn by hard knocks and kicks in life."

The boy Mohammad Ali listened attentively. This incident explains the characteristic of the Quaid, who upto the last days of his life preferred to go his own way.

Back at school, he was a completely transformed child, no more inattentive, indifferent, and lagging behind his classmates. He wanted to make up for the

who simply refused to be serious about his studies. He was almost ten years old and he had not yet passed fourth Gujrati. Manbai suggested that she take him with her to Bombay, in the hope that change of environment might help in inducing the boy to be more regular with his studies. My mother was persuaded to agree to this proposal and she reluctantly gave consent. And so Mohammad Ali was on his way to Bombay with Manbai Poofi.

She got him admitted in Anjuman-e-Islam School in Bombay, and for a while Mohammad Ali showed signs of taking to his books seriously. He passed his fourth Gujrati, entitling him to be admitted in first standard, English. The mother felt miserable at the absence of her darling son. A mother's love and affection triumphed over a father's sense of logic, and Mohammad Ali returned to Karachi from Bombay.

My father got him admitted once again in Sind Madrasah, and the records of the school show that this time his serial number of admission was 178, and the date of admission 23-12-1887, the school previously attended being Anjuman-e-Islam School, Bombay.

By now Mohammad Ali had developed a great fascination for horse-riding. My father owned a number of carriages, which was the aristocratic way of transportation in those days, the era of combustible engine motor cars being still far away. In the stables of my father were a number of fine horses, and Mohammad Ali was quick to learn horse-riding a sport he immensely enjoyed. He had a school friend, Karim Kassim, son of another merchant at Kharadar, and the two boys would go horse-riding for long distances every day.

He loved his horses; they stood so erect, holding their heads high, indicative of strength and confidence. He saw in all nature life mould itself on vertical lines. Horses stand erect, and so do the trees, as also flowers on the bough; man walks upright, as

by Khan Bahadur Hassanali Affendi, was the school he decided his son should join.

Mohammad Ali was about ten years old, when my father got him admitted in Sind Madrasah as a student in fourth standard Gujrati. Records of the school show that he was in serial order the 114th boy to be admitted. But change of school effected no change in his attitude to his studies, and he continued to woo success and victory on the play field rather than at school.

Around this time my father's only sister, Manbai, happened to be on a visit to Karachi from Bombay, where she had been married and where she lived with her husband. Manbai Poofi, as we called her, was a vivacious person, full of wit and humour, and wise beyond her academic education. My father was very fond of his sister, and Manbai was devoted to her youngest brother, Jinnah. There was great attachment between the two, and it continued unimpaired until their last days. As I look back on about four decades of my constant companionship with the Quaid-e-Azam,[3] I am reminded of the strong bonds of friendship and devotion that persisted between my father and his sister. I recall that when Manbai came with her husband many years later to settle down in Karachi, she constantly visited our house.

She was a great story-teller, and I wonder to this day how she was able to remember hundreds of tales by heart, as she had never gone to school and therefore could not have read them from books. Manbai Poofi would gather me, my sisters and my cousins round her after sunset. She was the centre of our eyes and ears, and we listened to her, enraptured by the bewitching way in which she would narrate her stories, night after night. She told tales of fairies and the flying carpet, of jins and dragons; and they seemed to our childish minds to be wonderful tales, stories out of this world.

My father, mother and Manbai Poofi sat in conference, discussing what to do with Mohammad Ali,

But he wondered how much it would cost him in this venture, which may yield dividends to the family in the long run, but it definitely had no prospects of giving immediate returns. My father discreetly asked him what would be the cheapest way of transportation from Karachi to London, and how much he would have to spend each month for the upkeep of his son in England. The figures were worked out in detail and with great care; although the total amount involved for three years was quite substantial, my father decided he could afford to deposit the sum with Grahams in London, in order to ensure continuity to his son's training. After all, he thought business success is as capricious as a wind; it can change its direction without notice. As it turned out subsequently, the prudence of a businessman, who had come up the hard way, proved to be highly beneficial, and without it my brother's career in London might have terminated abruptly.

But my mother was adamant. How can she allow her darling Mohammad Ali to be away from her for three years. Father explained to her that it was in the best interest of the boy's own future, as also of their family business, Jinnah Poonja & Co. And after all, three years would soon be over. Mother agreed after days of pursuasion, but she put her own condition for her consent. England was a dangerous country to send an unmarried young man to, particularly a young man who was as handsome as her Mohammad Ali. She was afraid he might get married to an English girl, and that would be [a] tragedy for the Jinnah Poonja family. Father agreed with her reasoning, and the question arose where they would get Mohammad Ali married to.

My mother had a ready answer to this; she knew of an Ismaili Khoja family of Paneli who were distantly related to her, and they had a girl of marriageable age, Emi Bai; surely she would be a good match for Mohammad Ali. My father had no objection to this, but the two parents thought it advisable to inform

must birds and beasts; minarets and domes aspire to the skies. He made it a principle in life not only to look ahead, but also to keep his chin up. He would not allow difficulties to bend him, he would rather accept their challenge and overcome them. He would be like a giant pine, whom storms may toss, but cannot bend.

He spent his days at school, managing to pass his examinations, and his evenings he devoted to horse-riding.

His inclination for change once again asserted itself, and he asked his father to get him admitted to another school. After some argument, my father agreed, and the records of Sind Madrasah reveal that while he was in English fourth standard, he left that school on 5-1-1891. The next school he joined was C.M.S. High School on Lawrence Road in Karachi. But he does not seem to have liked the latter school. Once again, he asked my father to get him re-admitted to Sind Madrasah; accordingly on 9-2-1891, one month after he had left it, he was on the rolls of Sind Madrasah, studying in fourth English.

He was now fifteen, and my father began to despair about the future of his son. What would this boy be, he wondered.

The General Manager of Grahams Trading Co., an Englishman, who had now become a great friend of my father, offered to get young Mohammad Ali admitted in his Head Office in London [as] an apprentice for three years, where he would learn practical business administration, which would best qualify him to join his father's business on return from London. The General Manager was sure that the young man could then be a great asset to his father, helping him to further expand his business. This tempted the heart of a flourishing businessman, who was convinced that after such rich experience in London, his son would surely add quite a few new and lucrative lines to the family business.

be his compass and guide even during the most turbulent periods of political evolution of his mind. But, paradoxically enough, he submitted completely in the matter of choice of a wife to the decision of his mother.

My father, mother, Mohammad Ali, Manbai Poofi and some other relatives left Karachi by sea for Verawal, and from there the marriage party proceeded by bullockcart to our village, Paneli. Distance lends enchantment, and the village-folk of Paneli in their unsophisticated minds believed that Jinnahbhai had become a multimillionaire in that big city, Karachi, doing business with Europe and the Far East, sending his goods to these distant lands by big ocean going ships that made voyage without sails. And then he had a big house, carriages and horses. Oh, yes, they gossipped, Jinnahbhai had made a big fortune. The Poonja family was proud that a big *barat* or marriage party was coming to Paneli.

My father knew all this and he was not going to disappoint his family or the people of his village. He had brought with him a large number of presents, which were to be given as marriage gifts to relatives, friends, and to the head of each family of Paneli. A tally of such names and the presents brought showed that they were less than what would be needed. He sent out his cousin to buy more presents, from Gondal to make up the deficit. They were also to bring with them fire-crackers in plenty, so that sleepy Paneli would thunder with their booming, and their dazzling light would light up the skies for miles around. In those days there were no bands that could parade the lanes and bazars of Paneli, proudly proclaiming that the son of a rich man was to be married. So from Gondal were invited professional *nakara* beaters, who played on a big semi-circular drum with two thin sticks, without any musical instrument accompanying them. But their noise was enough to make its echoes and re-echoes reverbrate beyond the boundaries of Paneli.

their son. In those days it was the parents that arranged marriages of their children, the boy and girl had no option but to believe in the superior wisdom of their parents. Of course, the parents knew what was good for their children.

It is probably the only important decision in the life of the Quaid-e-Azam that he allowed to be made by others. He loved his mother so much, he could not refuse her. He trusted his father's wordly wisdom so much, he was sure that his father could hardly make a mistake. As was the custom in those days, he acted as an obedient son, accepting the decision of his parents, and he thus came to be engaged to Emi Bai of Paneli.

This young man, who had a mind and will of his own, who was determined to go his own way and learn by hard knocks, showed some reluctance on this occasion. His initial objection against marrying a girl he had never seen or spoken to vanished like thin mist in the sunshine of the assurances of his mother, who made her son believe that a mother's blessings in such matters prove propitious and such marriages turn out to be happy and auspicious.

As a result of this engagement, to be followed by marriage, before his departure for Paneli he left Sind Madrassah on 30-1-1892, while he was studying in fifth English, and the school records show the entry, "Mohammad Ali Jinnahbhai left school to go to Cutch on account of marriage".

In his first speech as Governor-General designate of Pakistan, on 9th August 1947, he fondly recalled,

> Yes, I am Karachi-born and it was on the sands of Karachi that I played marbles in my boyhood, I was schooled in Karachi.[4]

He had a consuming hunger for experience gained through his own efforts and he, therefore, refused to be ordered about by others as to what to do and what not to do, as to what was good for him and what was not. This trait, developed as a child, was to

bejewelled, her hands spotted with *henna*, her face and clothes heavily sprinkled with costly *ittar*. The village *moulvi* performed the *nikah* ceremony, recited a few verses from the Holy Quran, and the two became husband and wife.

My father had been already away from Karachi for about four weeks, and communication in those days being what it was, he was beginning to worry as to how his business affairs would be running in his absence. He showed signs of impatience, and made his decision known that he would have to leave Paneli as early as possible for Karachi. But social customs had powers all their own, particularly in an out of the way village in those far off days, and it was considered as almost sacrilegious to offend or break them. My brother's in-laws were the type of people that make a fetish of tradition, and they let it be known to Jinnahbhai, politely but firmly, that their newly-wed daughter must stay in their house for at least a month, if not for three months, before they could agree to her being taken by her bridegroom to Karachi. It was not possible for my father to stay in Paneli that long, and he was busy making arrangements for his departure. My mother would not allow her husband to go alone to Karachi. He was so busy, he worked so much and for so many hours. She should be there to prepare food for him, and serve it fresh and hot. Who can trust servants? They would not be so clean; they could not make good meals; and they would not bother to keep awake till a late hour, until her husband returned from work, and serve him freshly prepared *chapatis*. No, she would not stay behind. Of course Mohammad Ali could wait in Paneli, until his in-laws agreed that he take his bride with him to Karachi. But my brother was also eager to go with his parents to Karachi.

The two families, newly joined in marriage, began to argue heatedly the point under dispute. Although the two families sat in conference for a

The women-folk of the family were busy for days, carrying presents, clothes, jewels, sweets to the bride's house, the *nakara* beaters leading the procession, while the ladies slowly wended their way to the bride's house, singing wedding songs, sprinkling rice on the way, as was the custom then.

The entire people of the village were invited to participate in community dinners and lunches for a week. Unadorned and unattractive Paneli wore the garment of festivity, as if the village had suddenly woken one morning to find itself a bride among the villages of Gondal. My father did not mind the expense; after all, it was the wedding of his first born child and, who knows, his other children may be married in Karachi, or, may be, in Bombay. This ostentatious wedding tremendously impressed his own village-folk. At least they would remember, when he had gone back to Karachi, the Jinnahbhai who , as a child, played in the lanes of Paneli, indistinguishable from other children of the village, had become a big businessman in a big city.

One can only imagine what must have been the thoughts of the bridegroom in the midst of all this festivity. He was hardly sixteen, and he was embarking on the uncharted waters of the matrimonial ocean. He had never spoken to a girl of his age outside the circle of his own sisters and cousins; he had never seen the face of his bride, with whom he was expected to share his life; he had never spoken to her. All he must have been aware of was that he had made a departure from the way of life he had chalked out for himself — to go his own way, to make his own decisions. He was powerless before Destiny that, in the person of his mother, had decreed that he should marry Emi Bai.

Decked from head to foot in long flowing rows of flowers, strung in invisible white threads, he marched in a procession from his grandfather's house to that of his father-in-law, where sat fourteen year old Emi Bai, dressed in expensive new clothes, heavily

following day, the father and mother-in-law of Mohammad Ali came to see my father and mother, solicitiously asking when they would like to take Emi Bai with them to Karachi, so that they might make the necessary arrangements. Cordiality was restored between the two families, dispute and acrimony were forgotten.

According to the custom prevalent in our family, Emi Bai would conceal her face with her head-covering or *orni,* whenever she came in the presence of her father-in-law. This was as a sign of respect that one wished to manifest towards the elders of one's husband's family. But Mohammad Ali had his own views on such matters. His wife was like a daughter of his parents, a full member of the family, and it was unnecessary to cover one's face, just becuase one's great-grand-mother had been doing it. My father supported the views of his young son, and from that day Emi Bai discarded the age-old custom, which had been running in the family for generations.

My mother was moved to her depths on the prospects of being away from her son for three years. Oh, that was a very long time. But it was for Mohammad Ali's good that she had agreed to give her consent. She said to him, "My son, I hate to be away from you. But I am sure this visit to England will help you to be a big man. This has been my dream all my life." Her son listened to his mother in silence, and she continued, "Mohammad Ali, you are leaving now on a long journey. I have a feeling I will not live to see you come back from England." And she sobbed. Mohammad Ali embraced his mother, overcome with choking emotion. My mother bade him her farewell, "Mohammad Ali, God will be your protector. He will make my wish come true. You will be a big man. And I will be proud of you."

number of days, the differences remained unsolved. It seemed to them as if they had reached an impasse. For the time that negotiations were being carried on, young Mohammad Ali remained silent, keeping on the side-lines of the field where the family dispute was being thrashed out. But once he came to know that negotiations had broken down, he took charge of the situation.

Without informing my father or mother, Mohammad Ali went to see his father-in-law and mother-in-law. They welcomed their newly married son-in-law with warmth and ceremony that such an occasion demanded, and overwhelmed him with hospitality. He sat with them for quite some time, without letting them know the reason why he had come to see them. What a nice, quiet, docile son-in-law he is, they must have thought. But after warm greetings and formalities were over, Mohammad Ali spoke in a firm tone. He said that his father and mother could no longer stay in Paneli and they must return to Karachi, and that he would go with them. He would like to take his bride with him, and he hoped her parents would have no objection. But if they decided otherwise, in deference to village custom and tradition, they could have their own way. He had come to tell them that in that case they could keep their daughter with them, and send her to Karachi, whenever they wished. The parents of the bride were astonished to hear a young man talk to his parents-in-law with such insolence, and they looked at their son-in-law with wide open eyes, too stunned by the unexpected firmness and outburst of this young man. Mohammad Ali, however, continued and said that he would be soon leaving Karachi for Europe, and he would be gone for three years. May be, the parents of his bride would like to send her to Karachi in his absence, and she would have to wait for three years until his return from England.

The young son had succeeded in clinching the issue, where his father and mother had failed. The

CHAPTER THREE

# A Businessman Becomes a Barrister

WHILE the ship carrying him across the seas to England kept its course with the help of charts, compass and stars, my brother was embarking on the uncharted ocean of a new life in a country that was completely unknown to him. Except for a few children that were accompanied by their parents, he was the youngest passenger on board the ship. The presence of this boy of sixteen, unaccompanied and unchaperoned, in those far off days of the early 1890s, when voyage to England was an out of the ordinary event in the life of an Indian, aroused the curiosity of many of his fellow passengers, most of whom were Englishmen. One of them took kindly to this lonely young man, who had the appearance of a lad but the self-confidence of a person much beyond his years. The Englishman asked him the purpose of his visit to England, whether he knew any one there, where he would stay, and what he wanted to be in life. The young man favourably impressed the elderly Englishman, who took to him like his own son. Every day, he would spend much of his time talking to my brother, giving him such information about London as he thought might be useful to him.

## NOTES

1 At the time, Sind, though predominantly Muslim, was not an autonomous province, which it became on 1 April 1936, under the Government of India Act, 1935.

2 Sachedina Nanjiani, *Khoja Vartant* (? 1892), p. 230. Nanjiani was at one time Assistant Revenue Commissioner of Cutch.

3 See above, Chapter I, note 1.

4 *Speeches as G.G.*, p. 4.

man, will you be able to afford the charges?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," he replied firmly. "But I hope they will be reasonable."

His baggage was soon deposited in a cosy room of the hotel.

He was given two letters of recommendation by my father, so the first thing he did was naturally to get in touch with them but to his surprise and horror both of them were out of London at the time.

Winter was in full blast, and Mohammad Ali found life in London rather depressing. He was not used to such severe weather. He could not afford the luxury of a cab ride to go from this hotel to his work, at the office, having to cover the considerable distance daily in the damp winter of chilly London. Years later he said to me,

> It was quite an experience. I was young and lonely. Far from home; far from my parents. I was in a new country where life was so different from the life I had known in Karachi. Except for some employees at Grahams, where I worked, I did not know a soul, and the immensity of London as a city weighed heavily on my solitary life. The severe cold and the heavy downpour of rain chilled my muscles and bones, and I felt so miserable. But I soon got settled to life in London, and I began to like it before long.

The Grahams Shipping and Trading Co., which had its office near Threadneedle Street, took charge of this young apprentice, the son of one of their business friends in Karachi. He was given a small table and a chair in one of the rooms where he sat with a number of office-hands, learning the ropes of business administration.

He had brought with him some money in cash and my father had asked Grahams to transfer more money from Karachi to their London office, so that his son might have enough funds to complete his

Those were the days when it took three weeks for ships to reach England from Bombay, stopping en-route at some ports, where passengers would avail the opportunity of landing on shore for sight-seeing. When the ship berthed at Port Said, the Englishman advised my brother to be careful with his valet, in which he carried money, saying, "You must be careful at Port Said. People here have nimble fingers and they may pinch your purse, without your being aware of it." As a precaution, he carried only a small amount of money on his person, but he took the advice of his English friend as a challenge to his sense of responsibility and alertness. He went on his own, alone, on the streets of Port Said, nonchallant on the surface, but deep down in his consciousness, very wary and careful at every step he took. Returning to the ship late in the evening, he narrated to the Englishman his impressions of Port Said, its peoples, and the winding bazars, concluding by saying, "You see, Sir, my valet is still safe with me. I was very careful."

"That's it, my boy. It is best to be very careful with everything in life."

The Englishman, before disembarking at Marseilles, gave my brother his London address and asked him to see him occasionally. During the next four years, whenever this Englishman came back to his native land from India, he would call my brother to his house and ask him to have a meal with him and his family.

Mohammad Ali disembarked at Southampton to catch a train for London. This sprawling metropolis impressed the youthful mind of my brother, as he drove in a horse-carriage on its spacious roads to a hotel that the cabby recommended to him; inexpensive, and yet offering the comforts and food of a private home. He walked to the reception desk and asked for a modest room. The receptionist carefully surveyed this young Indian from head to foot, and in a tone that betrayed incredulity, asked, "Young

tory. And here he was buried under the drudgery of office-routine at Grahams near Threadneedle Street, from morning to evening, and the only prize that might in the end crown his patience, industriousness, and devotion would be to join his father's business and make it more prosperous and flourishing than when he took it over. This appeared to him to be such a sordid and narrow prospect. Yes, money was important in life, but then he could never become a leader of men, a hero in the cause of betterment of the lot of his countrymen. As this thought cast doubts in his mind about the appropriateness of a career for which he was equipping himself, a career that would begin and end with himself, he began to study and discuss about the lives of the great contemporary and past leaders of English public life. He discovered that many of them had studied for the Bar, and that a sound knowledge of law had stood them in good stead in their public life.

He began to waver between two alternatives – to continue to work as an apprentice with Grahams, or to qualify himself for the entrance examination in order to obtain admission to one of the Inns in London and become a Barrister. "It did not take me long to decide that I should prepare myself for the Bar", he said.

> Fortunately for me, that year was the last when one could obtain admission by passing the examination known at that time as "Little Go". The following year regulations were to be changed, and it would take me two additional years to be called to the Bar. So I decided to give up my apprenticeship with Grahams and to study hard to get through the "Little Go".

There is no doubt this was one of the most momentous decisions that he took for himself, a decision that was to change the entire course of his life. His young mind had been ignited by the spark of ambition to carve out for himself a worthy place in

period of apprenticeship. Inheriting the family trait of being careful with his money, my brother deposited his monies in the Royal Bank of Scotland, 123, Bishop Gate Street. He soon realised that as he was to stay in London for at least two years, it was not economical to stay in a hotel, and that it would cost him much less if he could find a good family, which would be prepared to accept him as a paying-guest. Scanning the brief advertisement columns of the daily newspapers, he jotted down addresses of a few families, who were willing to accept paying guests. After visiting a number of such families, he ultimately decided to stay with Mrs. F.E. Page-Drake, on 35 Russell Road, Kensington, opposite the present imposing Olympia building, on High Street, Kensington, built much later than 1892. Even now it is in a reasonably good residential quarter of London, overlooking numerous sections and cross-sections of railway lines, and centrally located in Kensington area. But in the 1890s, it must have been among the much sought after residential localities of London. The London County Council a few years back put up a plaque on this building, which reads, "Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah 1876–1948 — Founder of Pakistan, stayed here in 1895".

His eager mind was keen to benefit by his visit to England at a time when the spirit of British Liberalism[1] was making such a profound impact on the minds of its people. He adopted the typically English habit of reading carefully his morning paper as he awoke and to complete reading it before finishing his breakfast. He read with admiration of the triumphs of great leaders that dominated the political scene of England, and their speeches in and outside Parliament, which millions read with undisguised adulation. Wherever he went, he heard conversation revolve round the latest utterances of these political leaders, whom the people looked upon as men of destiny of that period of their his-

dies for the Bar. He further assured that he would not ask my father to send him any more money, for, he would work in England while studying, and spend as little as possible so that he would be able to stagger his two years' allowance that father had given him to last for four years. Although my father was not happy at the decision of his headstrong son, he reconciled himself to the situation and hoped and prayed for the best.

Not long after the Quaid had left Karachi for England, his wife, Emi Bai, died. He had not lived long enough with his child-wife, whom he had married at the dictates of parental authority, so he was not much grieved by her death. But when he received the news, while still studying at Lincoln's Inn, about the death of my mother, who died in child-birth, when my youngest brother Bundeh Ali was born, the shock was unbearable for him. He wept and sobbed for hours for his departed mother, whom he loved more than anything else in the world. He had a sensitive nature that felt intensely sad and, therefore, he suffered intensely. Far away from home, lonely, and having missed being with his mother in her last days, the shock laid him low, overcome by a violent fit of fainting. After all, the premonition of his mother had come true; she died before the return to Karachi from London of her beloved Mohammad Ali. He fondly recalled the forecast she had made about his future, saying that he would one day be a great man. The obscurity of his existence as a young man made him wonder if that would ever come true. For the present he passed his days in utter anonymity, not knowing what the future held in store for him.

After the death of my mother, the business of my father went on suffering one reverse after another. He was by now a prematurely old man, a widower with six children, some young and some still babies, to look after. Mohammad Ali, who alone of his children could be a support to him, was reading for

the public life of his country, and to that end he devoted all his time and energy. A complete transformation seems to have come over him, and he sat glued to his books. His diligence was rewarded and he passed his 'Little Go' with credit and joined the Lincoln's Inn. Explaining to me the reason why he decided to join the Lincoln's Inn, he said,

> It was during the days that I was busy studying for my "Little Go". I was determined to pass. I may say I was confident I would pass. I thought of seeing the various Inns in London and meeting students studying there in order to make up my mind in advance. My inquiries and discussions made me decide for another Inn than Lincoln's. But then I had seen the name of our great Prophet engraved on the main entrance of Lincoln's Inn among the greatest law-givers of the world. So I made a sort of *Minnat* or vow that I would join the Lincoln's Inn after getting through the "Little Go".

I have in my possession to this day his bank pass-book for the period 1892–1896 on which he has written with his own hands his name, 'MAHOMEDALLI JINNAHBHAI ESQ'. In this pass-book of the Royal Bank of Scotland there is an entry, which shows that he gave a cheque for £138.19 to the Lincoln's Inn on 7th of June 1893 as his entrance fee. Thus at the age of 17 he was studying for the Bar, while my father in Karachi was hoping his eldest son would return from England soon to help him manage and expand his business.

As soon as he learnt from his son that he had joined the Lincoln's Inn and that it would take him three years to be a full fledged Barrister, my father wrote to him to give up this unprofitable pursuit and to return home immediately. Inspite of a strongly worded letter, the Quaid wrote back in pleading tone and words to my father to allow him to remain in England and to complete his stu-

and the Drake family was celebrating the event. As is customary among Christian families, there were mistletoes hung on door-tops, under which it is permissible for them to kiss one another. Miss Drake caught me as I was standing under a mistleto without myself being aware of it, embraced me, and asked me to kiss her. I reprimanded her and said that this was not done nor was it permissible in our society. I am glad I behaved that way with her. For, after that day I was saved the daily embarrassment of her coquettishness.

While studying at Lincoln's Inn, the Quaid widened the horizons of his interests. He obtained a reader's ticket for the Library of the British Museum[2] and devoted his time to enriching his mind with intensive and comprehensive reading. He would sometimes go on a Sunday morning to the famous Hyde Park corner to listen to the demogogy and eccentricity of the soap-box orators that have made that corner into a world-famous institution. As he listened to the rash and incoherent utterances of these irresponsible speakers, who often attacked their own government in the most scathing terms, he realized the importance and necessity of freedom of speech as the exhaust-pipe of a nation, without which the voice of a people becomes stifled. He was a constant visitor to the House of Commons, where he listened with unabated admiration to the speeches of such liberal statesmen of the day as Mr. Gladstone.[3] Lord Morley, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and that great Irish patriot, Mr. T.P. O'Connor. Those frequent visits to the Commons enabled him to acquaint himself with the art of parliamentary eloquence, which was to be his strongest weapon in later years.

By sheer dint of hard work he passed his examinations at the Lincoln's Inn in two years, and at the age of 18 he came to be the youngest Indian student

the Bar in London. Without the knowledge of my brother, my father had started doing separate business in the name of his eldest son. These business ventures were ending up in heavy losses, and my father was really worried. He wrote pathetic letters to my brother, who replied that my father need not worry at all, for, as soon as he returned to India, he would be able to face the situation and save the reputation of my father and of our family.

The Quaid was about 18, when he had already lost his mother, his wife, and was aware that the prosperous family business, so painstakingly built up by his father, was on the verge of collapse. Sometimes heavy reverses in life draw out untapped and unknown resources in certain individuals. The Quaid faced these disasters and losses with the courage of a Stoic, determined to succeed, to add lustre to his family name; and he now changed his name to "M.A. Jinnah Esqr.".

His bank pass-book shows that he was paying £10 a month to Mrs. F.E. Page-Drake, with whom he was staying as a paying guest. In later years he recalled that Mrs. Drake was a very kind old lady, having a large family, and that she was particularly fond of him and treated him as her own son. She had an attractive daughter, who was about the same age as the Quaid at the time he stayed in their house. The pretty Miss Drake was deeply attached to my brother, but he was not the type who would squander his affections on passing fancies. While Miss Drake showered her special attentions on him and assiduously endeavoured to win him, he kept her at a respectful distance. Miss Drake would sometimes arrange mixed parties in her house, and among the various games she would run for her guests would be the typically Western game in which the penalty for being found, in one's hiding place, would be a kiss. Inspite of her persistent inducements, the Quaid always stood out of this kissing game. "It was Christmas Eve", he said to me,

He said he admired the British institution of free speech; and there he was, an Indian, who would exercise the right of free speech and demand justice for his country men. He was quite right. Without free speech a nation is like a rose-bush that is planted in a place where there is neither sunshine nor air.

The Quaid-e-Azam developed great respect and admiration for Dadabhoy Naoroji, who was to exert such a great influence on his political individuality in the years to come. He remained a devout friend of the Old Man, though much younger than him in years, and the two together were to render yeoman service to the Indian National Congress in the early years of its existence.

His days in England as a student made him realize the lack of close and frequent contacts among Indian students, without which, he felt, they could not organize themselves effectively to support their own or their country's cause. If only Indian students could organize themselves into an Association, offering a meeting place and a forum, he thought it would be of immense benefit to the students. He pioneered this idea and approached a number of students in this connection, only to meet with opposition on the ground that this idea was too big to be shouldered by such a young and inexperienced student. However, this thought persisted in his mind, and when he visited England in 1913, no longer an unknown person, but an Indian leader of eminence, Indian students besieged him for guidance and advice. They arranged a meeting of Indian students at Caxton Hall in London, where the Quaid was asked to address them. He advised them to take a keen interest in the political events and developments both in England and in India, but he warned them not to take active part in politics, while they were yet in the midst of their studies. They should learn to be academic political thinkers, so that when they entered politics actively, they could act as missionaries of enlightenment and

ever to be called to the Bar. But he had still to wait in England for some time to obtain his cap and gown, as he had to complete the formality of attending a prescribed number of dinners.

He was not one who would spend all his time browsing over his study books to pass an examination. As a student, he plunged himself into the whirlpool of activities centering round Indian students in London. In the very first year of his arrival in London, there was great excitement among Indian students, as Dadabhoy Naoroji,[4] a veteran Parsee leader from Bombay, who had settled down in London for the last many years as a businessman, was seeking election to the House of Commons from the Central Finsbury Constituency. He was the first Indian ever to attempt this, and it was only natural that Indian students were eager to enthusiatically work for his election. Quaid-e-Azam threw himself heart and soul into this election campaign, and thereby caught the eye and won the esteem of Dadabhoy Naoroji, the Grand Old Man of India.

Recalling these electioneering days, my brother said to me,

> When I learnt that Lord Salisbury in one of his speeches had ridiculed Dadabhoy as a 'black man', thereby warning Finsbury constituency not to elect him, I was furious. If Dadabhoy was black, I was blacker; and if this was the mentality of our political masters, then we could never get a fair deal at their hands. From that day I have been an uncompromising enemy of all forms of colour bar. I worked for the Old Man with a vengeance. Fortunately, he won by a majority of three votes. However, thin the majority, jubilation among Indian students in London was tremendous. As I sat in the galleries, listening to the maiden speech of the Old Man in the Commons, I felt a new thrill within me.

His young mind in those four formative years of his life had been making, imperceptibly, momentous decisions that were to influence his life. Nature had gifted him with rich talent. He decided it did not suit his genuis to prepare himself for a business career, where the highest ambition in life was to see that from year to year one's assets exceed one's liabilities, enabling one to gradually amass a big fortune. He did not want to lose himself in the narrow lanes of that sordid world; he wanted to discover himself on the highways of eminence and fame. Inspite of his predilection for a career on the stage, he rejected it as too small for his soaring ambitions. The actor on a stage could win the applause of only the limited audience in the theatre; he would be a hero on a much bigger platform, where he could be the acclaimed leader of millions of his people.

The formalities of dinners at the Lincoln's Inn[7] were over; and he was now preparing, after a stay of about four years, to leave England to join his family in Karachi. In the inner cover of his pass-book of the Royal Bank of Scotland are the last four cheques that he issued in London. One was issued on 14th July 1896 to Mrs. F.E. Page-Drake for £3, this would probably be the amount that he had to pay to finalize his outstanding accounts with her as a paying guest of the family. On the 15th of July he had drawn three cheques. One is a cheque for £71.1.10 in favour of National Bank of India Ltd., Bombay, indicating that he had already decided, while in London, to settle down in Bombay and not in Karachi. The other is to Thomas Cook and Sons for £42.18.12, his passage money for his trip back from London to Karachi. The last is a self cheque for £10.9.8, to finally close his bank account. During the period of about three and a half years that he stayed in London his bank account shows on the credit side a total of approximately £800. As he was in the habit of invariably depositing his cash with a bank, it may be safely assumed that this was the

progress. He appealed to them to organise themselves into a well-knit body,[5] and as a result the Central Association of Indian Students was formed in London.

His catholic and extensive reading[6] had made him acquainted with the works of many writers and poets in the English language, some of whom he continued to read and enjoy till late in life. But the one who had the greatest fascination for him was Shakespeare. He was fond of the London Theatre, but he could not afford to frequent it. He had to resist the glittering, but expensive, night-life of the theatrical world to save his money, invest it in books, and to prepare patiently for the prosaic studies at Lincoln's Inn.

Living on a tight budget, any job that he could find to augment his funds would be welcome to him. He sometimes went to see Shakespearean plays at the Old Vic, where he fell under the spell of the great Shakespearean actors of those days. For some time he toyed with the idea of taking to the stage seriously, but the only offer he got was to work in a minor capacity with an unimportant theatrical company that sometimes put Shakespearean plays on the stage. His ambition in those days was to play the role of Romeo at the Old Vic, a dream that remained unfulfilled not only in the limited field of the stage, but also in the wide arena of the stage of life. Even in the days of his most active political life, when he returned home late, tired after a gruelling day's work, he would take a play of Shakespeare and quietly read it in his bed. Sometime, when the two of us would sit in the drawing room after our dinner, he would read out to me aloud his favourite passages from the plays of Shakespeare. I still remember whenever he recited Shakespeare, his voice would take on the richness and correctness of tone and the proper intonations that are characteristic of people who have undergone some training in the art of stage-acting.

don't know how long I will live."

"Father", Mohammad Ali replied in a faltering voice, "don't worry, I will work hard and look after you and our family. I am young and my whole life is before me. I will make money and I will pay up all the debts that our family has to discharge."

My father thought it best to get him fixed up as a Junior in the Office of a flourishing advocate of Karachi, and in this connection he spoke to two firms who were also his lawyers, Harchandrai Vishandas and Co., and Lalchand & Co. The heads of both these firms were only too willing to take this young Muslim Barrister, newly returned from England, into their firms. After all, in those days, there were only a few Muslim Barristers in the Muslim province of Sind,[8] and the young Mohammad Ali, they were sure, would be an asset to them. But my brother's mind was already made up. Instead of practising in Karachi, where the bitter shadow of business failure of his family would darken his path, he had decided to try his luck in Bombay, a city that he thought offered greater opportunities to one who was willing to work hard. My father wanted very much that his son should set up his practice in Karachi, where his family had already made friends with a number of families, and the prospect of cutting away his roots from Karachi and to venture on a new life in Bombay did not appeal to him. He asked his personal friend and neighbour, Mr. Ramjibhai Pethabhai, to dissuade his son. Inspite of Ramjibhai's best efforts, the young Barrister was adamant. He had made up his mind; he would go his own way; as usual, he wanted to learn the hard way — by kicks and hard knocks in life.

Little did he know at the time that his decision to migrate to Bombay was to be an important milestone in his life and that it would profoundly influence his future. And so, bidding good-bye to his father, his brothers and sisters he set sail for Bombay.

He took a room on a long term basis at the Apollo

approximate amount he spent during his stay in England, a commentary on the simple mode of living of a student whom change in family fortune had denied liberal remittances from home, and who had therefore to be careful with his money.

He was on his way back home, once again on one of those ships that did the voyage in three weeks, his future as inscrutable as the deep ocean. He was only aware of the cares and worries of a large family that had fallen on the enfeebled shoulders of his father, who hoped his eldest son would soon partly shift the responsibility on himself. His homecoming had for him a melancholic touch; for as he moved his searching eyes on the crowd that stood waiting on the pier at Karachi harbour as his ship sluggishly glided to cast anchor, he could see his father, brothers and sisters, and few relatives, but he missed his mother. How cruel the fate had been to him. Only if she were there, now that he had returned from England, a Barrister, with a bright future, how proud she would have been of her Mohammad Ali.

On reaching home, my father was soon in conference with him, explaining to him that the family business was in ruins, and that he had to pay large sums of money to a number of business houses, some of whom had filed cases in law courts. This was true also of those business deals that my father had done in the name of Mohammad Ali Jinnahbhai & Co., hoping that by the time his son returned from England he would take over, besides the family business, a business of his own, already well established and prosperous. That business also proved a flop, and there were a number of cases pending against the firm of Mohammad Ali Jinnahbhai & Co. Here was a young Barrister, whom the gloomy prospect of defending cases against himself stared in the face. "My son", father said, "all my dreams have come tumbling down and I don't know what will happen to you and your young brothers and sisters. I am already broken down in health and I

nality, a pair of small but penetrating eyes that bespoke of a shrewd intellect, a face with a sharp Grecian profile, long limbs, impeccably dressed, with the bearing and poise of a born leader of men. Nature had endowed him with charm and personality, but society had refused to supply him the wherewithal that could enable him to make a comfortable living. While those that rubbed shoulders with him in the days of his struggle recognised in him a young man full of promise, little did they know how empty his pockets were.

But, inadvertently, these social contacts proved to be a blessing and were to prove to be responsible for a break through. A friend of his, who held his talent and ability in high esteem, introduced him to Mr. MacPherson, who was at that time the acting Advocate-General of Bombay. The latter was impressed with the young Barrister, and he invited him to work under him, extending to him the privilege of utilising his well-stocked library and of reading in his Chambers. My brother never forgot this magnanimous gesture on the part of Mr. MacPherson, particularly as in those days it was very rare for an Englishman to extend such courtesies to Indian Barristers.

Mr. MacPherson soon discovered that the new recruit to his office was a young man of great charm, ability, perseverance, and integrity, and he was not slow to pass on some cases to the young Mr. Jinnah. At this time my brother flirted with the idea of taking a government job, so that he could be reasonably assured of continuous financial security, the uncertainty of success at the Bar being too dreadful to contemplate. When he placed this idea before Mr. MacPherson, he was only too willing to strongly recommend him to Sir Charles Ollivant, the member in charge of the Judicial Department, and within a couple of weeks my brother was appointed a temporary Presidency Magistrate.

He felt that success, which had so far eluded him,

Hotel in Bombay and got his name enrolled in the Bombay High Court. These were mere formalities and easily disposed of. The real difficulty was to set himself up in an office, to secure briefs, and to have his reputation established as a dependable Barrister. These proved to be a heart-breaking ordeal. It was like scaling a steep and difficult mountain, the grip of his feet slipping at every step. This young man, with a proud look in his eyes, walked up and down the corridors of many courts, giving one the impression of being a leading legal luminary, but, in fact, desparately in need of his first brief. He lived in majestic isolation on the roof of the castle that he had built for himself, while into the office of people of lesser talent in his profession poured in clients, ready to pay the fees that were demanded from them. He sat in his small one-room office that he had hired in the Fort area, waiting for chance to usher in a client, browsing and brooding over his scanty stock of law books.

It was bad enough to be enrolled as a Barrister in the Bombay High Court, to go round the courts daily, as if it were a religious routine, and to return to his cramped up room in the Apollo Hotel in the evening without having earned a single rupee for months. But when the irksome months lengthened into three agonising years, he felt really miserable. Then there was his father and his family in Karachi facing litigations and difficulties, and he could not be of any help to them, contrary to his expectations when he left Karachi for Bombay. Disappointed and frustrated, he showed a stiff chin to the world outside, but within his heart there gnawed the rancour of an unsatisfied yearning.

Inspite of the difficult times through which he was passing, he kept up social contacts, frequenting some of the best clubs of Bombay, and very often a guest at parties in the homes of the elite of Bombay. In his early twenties, he was an extremely attractive young man, tall, of commanding perso-

independence, unbending and unyielding to patronage from his superiors and bullying from his seniors. It was for this reason that Sir Chimanlal Setalvad wrote, "Jinnah had always, even in his junior days, shown considerable independence and courage. He never allowed himself to be overborne either by the judge or the opposing Counsel".[9]

My father was often told that his young son was overshooting his mark, and that his seeming arrogance and quick temper with the senior people at the Bar and the Bench would hinder his rise and progress. But the earlier scepticism about Mohammad Ali had vanished, and it had yielded place in his mind to a growing belief in the brilliant future that awaited his eldest son.

Mr. Strangman, an Englishman, was a senior and respected member of the Bar in Bombay. He and my brother were briefed together in a case, and on one occasion my brother had to go to Strangman's Chamber for joint consultations. In those days it was not unusual for Englishmen to behave in an overbearing manner towards their Indian colleagues. Strangman talked to the Quaid in a tone and temper, which he interpreted as insulting and derogatory. From that day, he never went to Strangman's Chamber, and even broke off exchanging greetings with him, whenever he met him in the Courts or outside.

As a freshly enrolled member of the Bombay Bar, he was appearing once before Justice Mirza, and the opposing Counsel was Sir Chimanlal Setalvad. While he was developing his arguments, Justice Mirza interrupted him and snubbed him. The Quaid resented it, and thereafter began to address the judge in a manner which Justice Mirza felt was insulting. The Judge pulled up the young Barrister and said, "Your tone and words could be held to be a contempt of Court". Turning towards Setalvad, he asked "Don't you agree with me, Mr. Setalvad?" Referring to this incident, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad wrote in his book,

was now firmly in his grip. His exemplary conduct as a Magistrate won him praise from his superiors, and when the period of the temporary appointment that he was holding was over, Sir Charles Ollivant offered him another and better judicial appointment on Rs. 1,500 a month, a princely salary then. "No, thank you, Sir", he replied. "I will soon be able to earn that much in a single day", was his firm retort.

As soon as he resigned his post as acting Presidency Magistrate, he was approached by a number of people to act as their lawyer. He gave up his small room in the Apollo Hotel and took a modest apartment in the Apollo Bunder area, got it tastefully decorated and furnished, and opened a new office in a building, where some leading lawyers had their offices. He spared no money within his limited income, in converting his office into an elegant and attractive Chamber, which any lawyer would be proud to own. His feet were now set firmly on the ladder of success, and he sent letters and telegrams to my father to come over to Bombay with the family.

My father had lost his wife in Karachi; the business that he had assiduously built up in the hope that it would be passed on to his sons had crashed; and he was led to the conclusion that his stay in Karachi would only revive bitter memories in his mind. Moreover, now that his son was getting well settled in Bombay, he decided it was better for his family to move to Bombay. And so, we came [went] to Bombay and rented a small two room tenement in Khoja Mohalla at Khadak, where my brother often came to visit us. He was now making enough money in his profession to live well and to support his family, taking upon himself the responsibility of bearing all the education expenses of his brothers and sisters.

A hard and heart-breaking struggle had not dimmed the brilliance of his self-confidence, nor had it shaken his belief in pursuing a life of complete

Balfour, Arthur James (1848–1930), a British statesman and politician; Leader of the House, and first Lord of Treasury, 1891–92; Leader of Opposition, 1892–95; leader of the House 1895–96; Prime Minister, 1902–05; Foreign Secretary, 1916–19; Head of British Mission to America, 1917.

4 Jinnah's participation in Dadabhoy Naoroji's election is contested by Rizwan Ahmad who puts his departure date some time in January 1893, Rizwan Ahmad, *Quaid-e-Azam: Ibtidai Tees Saal* (Karachi: Markaz-i-Tahrik-i-Pakistan, 1976), pp. 85-86.

5 Jinnah moved a resolution for the formation of the London Indian Association at a public meeting at Caxton Hall, Westminister, on 2 June 1913. His speech on the occasion is included in Sarojni Naidu, *Mohammad Ali Jinnah: An Ambassador of Unity* (Madras: Ganesh & Co., 1918), pp. 128–33.

6 Jinnah told Dr. Ashraf that, "during the last two years in London", his time was "utilized for further independent studies for the political career" he already "had in mind". Bolitho, *op. cit.*, p. 7. Some of the books he acquired during the period, which are still available in the Quaid-i-Azam Liberary housed in the Karachi University Library, are: (i) *The Works of Rt. Hon'ble Edmund Burke: Writings and Speeches*, 12 Vols.; (ii) Thomas Carlyle *Past and Present* (1894) and (iii) *The French Revolution: A History* (1888), (iv) Andrew Long, *The Politics of Aristotle* (1880); (v) John Stuart Mill, *Principles of Political Economy* (1893); (vi) W.M. Torrends, *Empire in Asia: How we came by it* (1872); (vii) J.C. Marisso, *Gibbon* (1887); (viii) Isaac Disraeli, *Literary Character of Men of Genius*; (ix) Mazzini, *Essays*; and (x) Sir Walter Scott, *On Morality* (n.d., but 1895). Some of these are signed by him. He has signed the last-named title at two places, and on its last page is inscribed the following:

This book is mine till I am dead.<br>
Steal not this for fear of shame.<br>
So here's the owner's name.

M.A. Jinnah,<br>
10 September 1895.

7 Jinnah was reportedly presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in a Levee held at St. James Palace in the last days of July 1896, Ahmad Hasan Dani (ed.), *World Scholars on Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah*, p. 40.

It was indeed stupid of the Judge to have put such a question to me. I answered, "It is not for me to give an opinion whether Mr. Jinnah has committed contempt or not. It is your privilege to determine that. But I can say this that knowing Mr. Jinnah as I do, he would have never intended to insult the court."[10]

Recalling this incident in later years, the Quaid said, "After that day I decided never to appear before Justice Mirza".

NOTES

1 Speaking of his student life in London, Jinnah, reportedly told Dr. Ashraf, "The liberalism of Lord Morley was then in full sway. I grasped that liberalism which became part of my life and thrilled me very much." Hector Bolitho, *Jinnah: Creator of Pakistan* (London: John Murray, 1954), p. 9.

2 For a facsimile of his reader's ticket, see Appendix.

3 Gladstone, William Ewart (1809—98), a famous British statesman and politician, and leader of the British Liberal Party; Prime Minister, 1868—74, 1880—85, 1886 and 1892—94; tried to breathe a measure of liberalism into the Indian administration. Appointed Lord Rippon as Viceroy of India, 1880—84.

Morley, John Viscount (1838—1923), a Gladstonian Liberal, and Member, British Parliament, 1883—95 and 1896—1908, who, as Secretary of State for India (1905—10), was in part responsible for the Morley-Minto Reforms, 1909.

Chamberlian, Joseph (1836—1914), Member, British Parliament, 1876—1914.

Naoroji, Dadabhoy (1825—1917), often called "the Grand Old Man of India", and the most important leader of the Congress in its early phase, who expounded the goal of self-government at the Calcutta Congress (1906); Congress President, 1886, 1893 and 1906; permanently settled in England; elected Member of the House of Commons from Finsbury constituency, 1892; f. British India Society in England; participated in Swadeshi movement, 1906—11; liberal statesman who greatly influenced Jinnah in his early political career.

Power, O' Connor Thomas (1848—1929), prominent Irish Nationalist and journalist; Member, British Parliament, 1880.

# Appendices

1 Extract from the Register of Sind Madressah-tul-Islam, 1887
2 Extract from the Register of Sind Madressah-tul-Islam, 1891
3 Extract from the Register of Christian Mission School, 1892
4 Jinnah's Library Card from the British Museum, 10 February [1896?]
5 Jinnah's Petition to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, 25 April 1893
6 Lincoln's Inn's Notification, 25 April 1893
7 Jinnah's Preliminary Examination Certificate, 25 May 1893
8 Lincoln's Inn's Notification about alteration in Jinnah's Name, 14 April 1896
9 Lincoln's Inn's Notification granting Jinnah a Certificate of his Admission Call to the Bar, 11 May 1896
10 Certificate Awarded by the Lincoln's Inn
11 Certificate from Sir Howard W. Elphinstone, 5 March 1896
12 Certificate from W. Douglas Edwards, 6 March 1896
13 Jinnah's Petition to Registrar, Bombay High Court, 18 August 1896
14 Character Certificate from P.V. Smith, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester
15 Extract from the Bombay Civil List

8 See above, Chapter II, note 1.

9 Chimanlal H. Setalvad, *Recollections and Reflections: An Autobiography* (Bombay: Padma Publications Ltd., 1946), p. 66.

10 *Ibid.*, p. 67.

London 25th April 1893.

To:-

The Masters of the Bench of
The Honourable society of Lincoln's Inn

Sirs

I most humbly & respectfully beg to inform you that I intend to appear for the preliminary Exam.

Having learnt that I shall be examined in the Latin Language I request you in this petition to grant me dispensation for the following reasons.

I Being a native of India I have never been taught this language.

II I know several of Indian languages which we are required to learn as our Classics or second languages.

III Thus having spent my time in learning other languages which are required there, I have not been able to learn the Latin Language & which if I be compelled to learn will take some years to pass the required exam.

I hope you will kindly comply with my request considering the reasons to be satisfactory

I remain sirs
yours most humble & obedient
Servant
Mahomedalli Jinnahbhai
40 Glazbury Road
West Kensington
W

Lincoln's Inn ——— At a Council there held the 11th day of May 1896.

Present

Edward Henry Pember Esq. Treasurer

Joseph Napier Higgins Esq.
George Kingman Hemming Esq.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Davey
Sir Andrew R. Scoble K.C.S.I.
The Hon. Sir James C. Mathew
The Hon. Sir Arthur Kekewich
Richard Horton Smith Esq.
Frederick Waymouth Gibbs Esq. C.B.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Macnaghten
John Forbes Esq.
The Hon. Sir James Stirling
James Douglas Walker Esq.
The Hon. Sir W. Rann Kennedy
Frank Whittaker Bush Esq.
Walter Charles Renshaw Esq.
H. A. Muir-Mackenzie Esq. C.B.
George Geddes Warry Esq.
C. E. H. Chadwyck Healey Esq.
David Lindo Alexander Esq.

Upon the Petition of Syed Ali Ausat Esq. a Barrister of this Society setting forth that he was Admitted on the Thirtieth day of May 1893 and Called to the Degree of Barrister at Law on the twentyninth day of April 1896, hath conformed himself to the Rules of the Society and is now desirous of taking a Certificate of his standing and deportment in the Society and therefore praying that a Certificate may be granted him of his Admission, Call to the Bar and of his deportment :- It is Ordered accordingly.

Upon the Petition of Mahomed Ali Jinnah Esquire a Barrister of this Society setting forth that he was Admitted on the Fifth day of June 1893 and Called to the degree of Barrister at Law on the twentyninth day of April 1896, hath conformed himself to the Rules of this Society and is now desirous of taking a Certificate of his standing and deportment in the Society and therefore praying that a Certificate may be granted him of his Admission Call to the Bar and of his deportment :- It is Ordered accordingly.

The Petition of Yeshwant Rao Raje Sindhre

(K)

Lincolns Inn 5 March 1896

ave much pleasure in stating that from
hat I have seen of Mr M A Jinnah Bhai
ho attended my lectures & classes in 1894
part of 1895 and from the result of the
xaminations, ~~that~~ he is an able man
& likely to do well in any thing that
he turns his attention to

Howard W Elphinstone

Lincolns Inn 5 March 1896

I have much pleasure in stating that from what I have seen of Mr. M.A. Jinnah Bhai who attended my lectures and classes in 1894 and part of 1895 and from the result of the examinations, he is an able man and likely to do well in any thing that he turns his attention to.

[Sir] Howard Elphinstone

was a pupil of mine during part of the year 1894, and while he was studying Roman and English Law in preparation for the examinations for the Bar held by the Council of Legal Education.
Mr. Jinnah Bhai, while under my tuition, displayed much diligence, quickness and intelligence in the ... a comparatively short course of work. I was thus led to form a decidedly favourable opinion as to his intellectual ability and as to the probability of his success in any pursuit in which his talents can be profitably employed.
W. Douglas Edwards
Barrister at Law
6th March 1896

Mr. M.A. Jinnah Bhai was a pupil of mine during part of the year 1894, and while he was studying Roman and English Law in preparation for the examinations for the Bar held by the Council of Legal Education.

Mr. Jinnah Bhai, while under my tuition, displayed much diligence, quickness and intelligence in the . . . examinations after a comparatively short course of work. I was thus led to form a decidedly favourable opinion as to his intellectual ability and as to the probability of his success in any pursuit in which his talents can be profitably employed.

W. Douglas Edwards
Barrister at Law
6th March 1896.

Mr. M.A. Jinnah, who has been called to the Bar in London this year, was introduced to me by a friend in India who knew him and his family and recommended him to my notice, when he came over to England to study law.

I have been acquainted with him during his stay in England, and, so far . . . while in this country has been irreproachable.

P.V. Smith
sd/ –LL.D, Barrister at
Law - Chancellor of the
Diocese of Manchester.

I think that this will suffice. G.F.F.

18th August 1896

Sir,

I beg to inform you that I am desirous of being admitted to the High Court of Bombay as an advocate. I have kept twelve terms and was called to the Bar on 29th April 1896. I intend practising at the above court and herewith enclose two certificates of ability one from Sir Howard W. Elphinstone and the other from Mr. Douglas Edwards which please find.

As to the certificate of character, not being aware of the rule I cannot produce; but if the Honourable Chief Justice and the Judges will be good enough to admit me permanently I shall be pleased to undertake to produce the same from a Barrister in England with whom I was reading, within three months.

Hoping you will submit the application and awaiting your early reply.

I remain
Yours faithfully,

M.A. Jinnah.

Affixed under my superintendence in accordance with Gov. Resolution No. 5927 dated 1st October 1877.

Registrar
24th August 1896.

May be permanently admitted.

G.F.F. . . .

*Appendix 13 : Transcript*

# Index